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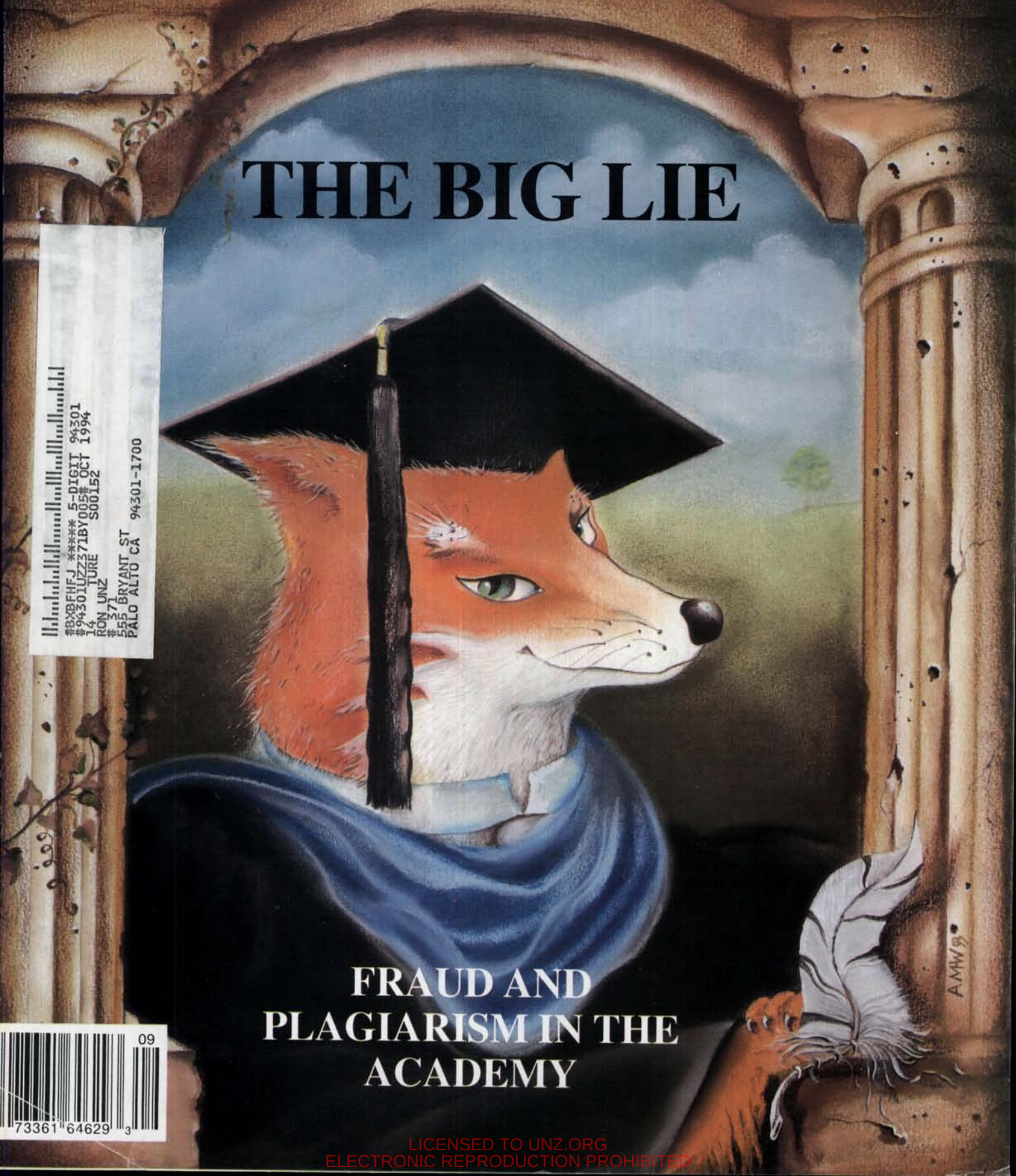

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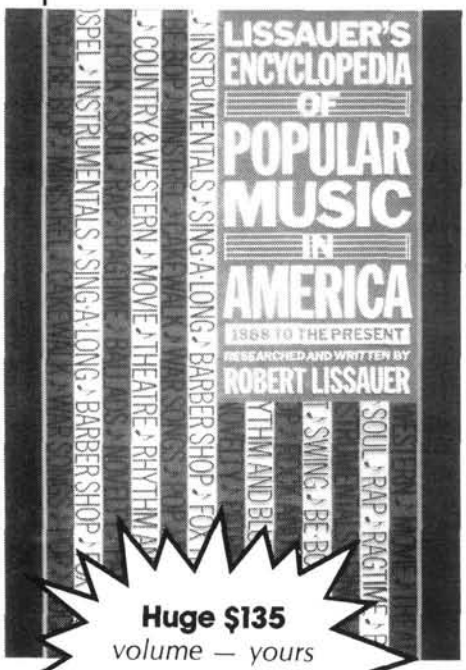

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Young Conservatives'

I am most concerned by the profile of "A Young Conservative" (Liberal Arts) featured in your June issue. While I realize the election is not yours but rather that of a conservative student newspaper at "one of America's largest universities," I am fearful that youthful conservatives, of which I am a part, are becoming less and less capable of discerning the good from the bad, the just from the unjust, and the culture from the counterculture.

Initially I was elated that a paragon for conservatives of tomorrow was a "Leisure Studies" major, assuming as I did a definition of "Leisure" along the lines of Joseph Pieper. But only moments after my euphoria did I read the following: "Goals: To have a successful career as a special events planner . . . to plan a Presidential Inauguration." Suddenly I felt the sort of suspicion one experiences when entering a surprise party planned for another though thought for a brief moment to be for oneself. A "Special Events Planner" sounds like something right out of the Kantian "workaday" world Pieper so aptly describes, which threatens our very cult's existence.

As I read on things became worse. As if epicurean enjoyments that would make King Hedon elated ("I really enjoy: spending time with friends, going to parties, dancing, and eating") or trivial concerns about her hair were not enough, readers were left with the following: "I read: Danielle Steele and Stephen King." Can this be?

Perhaps modernity has won out after all. I am by no means optimistic about a conservative movement, so intimate with the essence of our existence, surviving very long when its leaders of tomorrow are of the sort outlined here. God save us!

—Michael D. Curry
Comstock Park, MI

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS has found a new champion on our college campuses. Professor Betty Jean Craige of the University of Georgia argued in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* last January that truth has not been subordinated to political goals in American higher education; students today simply "examine critically long-standing 'truths' about race, gender, and our civilization's past." Using antipathy to Darwin's theories as analogy, Craige maintains that "conservative" scholars criticize feminism and multiculturalism for the same parochial reasons they denounced Darwin. "Conservatives fear a vision of human society as a continuously evolving system of interdependent individuals and cultures," she notes.

Presumably the diversity emerging from this dynamic is anathema to conservatives who, according to Craige, resist change. They resist because change undermines a natural order. "No natural law decrees that whites should be considered superior to blacks or that men should be considered superior to women. Diversity is natural, even desirable." Ergo, any model of the good, true, and beautiful is suspect. Her Darwinian dynamism is incompatible with a literary canon, indeed incompatible with the ranking of anything, especially culture, race, or gender. As Craige maintains, "humanists are challenging the very possibility of objectivity."

From the myth of objectivity, Craige draws the conclusion that the pursuit of truth is inherently disruptive. Yet if objectivity doesn't exist even as a possibility, the pursuit of truth is comparable to the search for phlogiston, a nonexistent ingredient in fire invented by medieval scientists to account for an increase in atomic weight. Why search for what cannot be demonstrated?

In fact, Craige has embraced a truth emerging from her conceptualization of society. "Laying bare patriarchal values in literature, for example, may alert stu-

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dents to patriarchal values in our laws and customs," she notes. Is that so? Does literature suggest law? What is the evidence for this linkage? Similarly, she contends that "exposing the racial attitudes implicit in Western historians' accounts of the world may arouse criticism of American foreign policy." Alas, it may, but such criticism could be ill-advised. Was the American foray into Somalia an expression of deep-seated racist views? Even to pose the question is to expose the absurdity of Craige's conclusion.

Curiously, it is not most conservatives who adopt a static conception of society, but rather relativists who oppose objectivity—except the truth that they have already uncovered. The pursuit of truth is a tortuous road lined entirely with evidence that is weighed, sifted, and refined. For self-described "cultural holists" (Craige's unfortunate phrase), truth is evolutionary until one confronts that epiphany, that moment when the blinding formula of revelation is apparent. There the cultural holists see the "truth" of race, gender, class, and multiculturalism.

Every conception, every idea from Plato to Shakespeare, is put through this formulaic scholarly net. If one deviates from the pattern, he is criticized as a conservative hopelessly devoted to a static view of society. If one calls for evidence to justify this conception, he is described as lacking the requisite imagination to appreciate our stage in evolution. If a conservative contends that the literary canon *is* dynamic, allowing for the addition of books whose universality and human experience touch every reflective student, cultural holists raise the banner of race, class, gender, and multiculturalism.

Yes, the academy must remain a site for vociferous quarrels over what is true. No quarter has a monopoly on its pursuit or acquisition. But it is not the conservative who wants to silence his academic foes; it is the cultural holist who, assuming she has found the cultural Rosetta stone, maintains that all scholars should embrace it. From the emptiness of relativism emerges a peculiar totalitarianism that rejects all views but those in the radical canon. This, I should hastily note, is called "antiauthoritarianism." Of course, it may be called anything, but its fragrance is distinctly Orwellian and, for those who listen carefully, the drumbeat one hears is of a rigid orthodoxy pounding within ivy walls for recognition.

—Herbert London

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY of Religion should change its name to the American Unacademy of Ethno-Religio-Secular Fashions, if its call for papers for its annual meeting in Washington this autumn is any indication of trends to come. None of the classics, at least of Judaism, is going to find a place on the program.

The section on the study of Judaism, which I founded when I was AAR vice-president in 1967 and chaired in the early 1980's, has surrendered to the chic, giving us Judaism a la mode in place of the solid, nourishing fare of times past. The same section that, when I chaired it, yielded *Judaisms and Their Messiahs at the Turn of the Christian Era* (Cambridge University Press) and found space for everybody's interests has now turned exclusionary. Non-feminists, non-post-modernists, non-ethnic-ideologists, people not "with it" need not apply. And, it goes without saying, no one working on the classic sources of Judaism and addressing the perennial problems of Judaic learning has a place on the program.

That is not because the committee in charge—headed by the obligatory woman, an unknown from somewhere down here near Disney World, and an unseeded male from New Jersey—hints that it would like something suitable for paddling in the mainstream. It is because, in so many words, they say—and the italics are theirs—"Please submit papers *only* on one of the following eight topics. We will compose sessions out of the five topics that have elicited the strongest collections of papers." No pretense at inclusion here.

The AAR might as well have said, "Maimonides need not apply." I mean by this that the AAR's version of the study of Judaism now simply excludes anything that is not absolutely current. True, what they exclude endures, and what they include will be obsolete 20 minutes after the Washington meeting closes. Those of us who founded the field remember the circuses of yesteryear—"the death of God," which everyone had to discuss in 1969, forgotten along with its proponents, is only one.

Well, then, what are this year's acts? Here is their language, not my mean-spirited caricature: "Language, Being, and the Names of God; The Holocaust in Historical Context (new historical research in response to issues of uniqueness, revisionism, and language); Issues in Jewish Medical Ethics; Hasidic Hermeneutics (classical Hasidic approaches to the interpretation of Scripture and of other genres of rabbinic literature); Judaism and the Senses (touch, taste, smell, etc.); Jewish Memory; Socio-historical Studies of Jewish Women; and Jewish or Christian Approaches to Textuality, Interpretation, and Suffering."

The cochairmen have given us at one and the same moment both utter chaos and a perfectly lucid statement of what they do not want. The chaos comes with the mixture of the ethnic and the religious. "Jewish" stands for the Jews as a collection of ethnic groups; it can mean anything. Thus "Jewish Medical Ethics" can be how any Jewish doctor practices medicine. "Judaic" stands for a clearly defined religious tradition, with its canon and its authority and its logic. "Judaic medical ethics" would therefore tell us how the corpus of authoritative writings addresses ethical problems pertinent to medicine, not what Dr. Cohen or Dr. Goldberg thinks we should do with a dying patient. But that is the side show.

The main event is the mixture of the secular and the religious, on the one side, and the inane and the incomprehensible, on the other. "The Holocaust" is an event in history; for some it even bears profound religious meaning. But phrased in the language before us, we have nothing more than historical events in historical context. Papers will address the secular issue of an anti-Semitism that takes the name "revisionism" and denies the facts of what happened. None of this has anything to do with either the Judaic religion or, on the face of it, any other religion. Such a topic would fit well in a program at the American Historical Association, but it has no bearing upon the study of religion; thus the confusion of religious and secular. That virus of the non-field "Jewish studies," which holds that everything Jewish is the same as everything else Jewish and in which no discipline or intellectual rigor pertain, now invades the formerly healthy AAR.

And what should we make of "Jewish memory"? One might propose a paper on "memory in Judaism," or explore the way in which *Heilsgeschichte* has worked to shape the records of the past. But

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"Jewish memory" can cover everything from the city plan of Flatbush in 1950 to the recipe for Mrs. Bernstein's *kreplach*. Nor do I exaggerate the militantly secular reading. We are asked for "socio-historical studies of Jewish women," but not for papers on women in Judaic law and theology. If the chairmen wanted to advertise that they have tin ears for religion, they could not have written more effective copy.

What are we to do with "Hasidic hermeneutics"—a subject introduced surely to please no more than eight people—or "textuality, interpretation, and suffering"? And what are we to make of "Judaism and the senses," unless the chairmen want us to find out what people are doing in some other field—last year's sensation is this year's *de rigueur* for Jewish studies—and "apply it" to "ours"?

Lest I seem captious, let me state that the AAR section on Judaism has chosen to exclude topics that most scholars who publish books actually work on. The chairmen have not merely made a place for topics that will interest the nonpublished populace—which is certainly fair and proper, since some day such people might publish a book—but they have excluded the larger part of the scholarly community of the AAR from the study of Judaism.

Why do I say so? Because in examining book titles over the last 12 months, I look in vain for substantial work on the subjects to which the AAR section now exclusively devotes its "scholarship." Among the 75 or 100 books on Judaism published by the AAR's Scholars Press or by any dozen university presses, few have anything to do with these subjects. Real scholars—those who write books—are addressing such topics as the Hebrew Scriptures; the Mishnah, Talmud, and Midrash; Maimonides; exegesis of classic texts, their theology and their religion and the history of their ideas; women in Judaism; problems of the theology of Judaism; philosophy of Judaism in the Middle Ages and in Modern Times; and Qabbalah (including Hasidic writings).

The chairmen of the AAR section on Judaism seem to be interested not in promoting active scholars and scholarship but in staging the academic equivalent of performance art. Next year perhaps they'll take off all their clothes.

—*Jacob Neusner*

LIBERAL ARTS

SOCIALIZING SMILES

While not renowned for their sense of humor, Swedes have been making more of an effort to keep their funny bone *en forme*. The Swedish Union of Commercial Employees recently introduced a special "humor group" for its staff, and other organizations and employers are eager to follow its lead. Participants in such humor groups learn how to tell jokes, play comic roles, and concentrate on the brighter side of life.

The idea is that happier workers are more productive, yet the approach has its detractors. As reported by the *European* last March, one management psychologist said that "it is tragic that we have to organize people to make them laugh. It shows how humorless life has become. This could only happen in Sweden."

NOT SINCE PAT BUCHANAN ran for President has the media hysteria reached the level brought on by the (aborted) nomination of Professor Lani Guinier to head the civil rights division of the Justice Department. "Ms. Guinier Buys Into Calhounism" screams the headline attached to an anti-Guinier diatribe by neoconservative columnist Paul Gigot. "Quota Queen" shouts a finger-pointing *Wall Street Journal* op-ed by neocon Clint Bolick. And Abe Rosenthal, per usual, cries wolf: "She stands for racial polarization."

When the air-raid sirens go off all at once, we can reasonably assume that there is something more going on than doth meet the eye. Note the use of "Quota Queen," a racist slur that has overtones of "Welfare Queen." And the absolute ultimate indictment: Guinier, says Mr. Gigot, agrees with John C. Calhoun and not Martin Luther King!

There are probably very good reasons for questioning Ms. Guinier's fitness to serve in sensitive areas of the Justice Department. What is interesting about this furor is that she was not done in by conservatives but by those who claim to be dedicated to democratism. So far as one can disentangle any hard information from the hysterical rhetoric and the usual neoconservative tissue of historical, philosophical, and constitutional ignorance, vulgarity, and mendacity, the objections to Ms. Guinier seem to revolve around two of her beliefs: that the black minority and the white majority in America do not have entirely compatible interests, and that there should therefore be some institutionalized weight given to the votes of black people even when they conflict with majority rule.

That is to say, she has questioned the allegedly sacred and traditional American principle of equality and thus touched the raw nerve of democratic socialist mythology. Regarding her first position, Ms. Guinier has simply told the truth—always a dangerous course in American politics. If the quotidian fact, known to every school child in America, that different people have different situations and different interests is publicly acknowledged, what happens to the neocon dream of a society of utterly interchangeable goods? People might discuss real issues rather than chimerical goals and might actually reach a settlement.

As to her second point, nothing could be more American than to question unrestricted majority rule. Our Founding Fathers believed in a government resting ultimately upon the consent of the people (as opposed to the divine right of a monarch or the inherited privileges of an aristocracy, and, of course, by "people" they meant the responsible members of society, not every respirating creature with two legs). They were republicans, not democrats—social, global, or any other kind. They believed majority rule should be limited and chastened even as it, generally and in the long run, prevailed.

After all, they gave us a Constitution with a bicameral legislature; a "popular" House elected within property and other qualifications; a states' rights Senate; bills that must be read thrice before passage; an indirectly elected President with a veto power; and an independent judiciary. And all this merely to alleviate majority rule in a government that was itself extremely limited in its functions and jurisdiction.

In the spirit of the Founders, John C. Calhoun saw that the restrictions on majority rule were not, in every respect, working as they had been intended. Contrary to Madison's expectation that various interests in a large country would check each other, different interests had concentrated in different regions, making a "numerical majority" that exploited a minority. Some few small addi-

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tions were therefore needed in the accepted devices by which the majority was to be restrained.

Further, Calhoun illuminated the moral principle behind such restrictions, which he summed up as the "concurrent majority." The "mere numerical majority" was not itself an ethical or an adequately democratic idea. What was needed was a higher consensus, a larger majority reaching a decision after deliberation and compromise—a process that could only be invoked by investing the minority with certain institutionalized powers of self-defense. Far from being a rejection of majority rule, the resulting consensus was democratically and morally preferable to the dictate of a 51 percent majority, which might itself be merely a temporary and expedient coalition of self-seekers. Not everyone thinks as poorly of Calhoun's idea as does Mr. Gigot. A blue-ribbon commission in Britain, which recently delivered the most extensive and hopeful report ever made on the problems of Northern Ireland, makes Calhoun the centerpiece of its proposals.

Ms. Guinier's particular ideas and the interests that have occasioned them may be good or bad, but there is certainly nothing in the least un-American or undemocratic in a philosophical consideration of the imperfections of majority rule, or of the possibility of different constitutional arrangements. The only thing that is really threatened by such discussion is the "democratic" orthodoxies of those who wish to keep all public debate in channels approved by themselves.

One obvious result of this is to make public discourse vapid and dishonest. Ms. Guinier seems, in fact, to have been willing to write about real and hard issues forthrightly, however provocative some of her solutions might be. And her defenders are quite right that the critics have vulgarized and caricatured her serious intellectual positions. The critics have blurred the valid distinction between a theoretical discussion and a public position and made it impossible for anyone who has ever said anything worthwhile, anything serious enough to be misunderstood by fools, to serve in office.

But surely honest and reasonable people should make a distinction between an intellectual position and conduct in public office. Such a distinction, for instance, was very clear in the case of Jefferson—for Jefferson the President and American political leader was not the same man as the *philosophe* who speculated in private letters to his friends. The Establishment, of course, wants to guarantee that anyone who has ever held any intellectual positions, has ever argued or speculated in a way that they have not approved, is excluded from public office. All officeholders, in their ideal world, would be as brilliant as Dan Quayle or as principled as Judge Souter (and would never include an M.E. Bradford or a Robert Bork).

There is an even deeper dishonesty here—because, in fact, there are extant at this moment in American society institutionalized special privileges for blacks that violate majority rule (as well as traditional principles of law), since a clear majority, for instance, disapproves of affirmative action and busing. Race-norming in employment, double prosecution of offenses against blacks, reparations rather than punishment for riots, and much else is already institutionalized in our society. Ms. Guinier's critics are not really opposed to this special privilege (though they may worry a bit about quotas cutting into their own turf). What they are opposed to is talking about it honestly in public.

From their viewpoint, they are quite right. Confirmation hearings for Ms. Guinier might well have developed into the first honest and open public discussion of affirmative action in American history—the undoubted result of which would have been vast outrage and the possible unraveling of the civil rights establishment. Open and honest deliberation among all the relevant opinions was essential to Calhoun's concurrent majority. Real majority rule is the last thing Ms. Guinier's critics want, even less than she does.

Finally, where Ms. Guinier parts from Calhoun and where she goes wrong is not where she doubts majority rule as sufficient for the protection of a minority. This is an honored American tradition. What *is* wrong with her position is the moral stance of the parties. All Calhoun wanted was to protect one part of society from another part—to prevent the federal government from exploiting the economy of the minority South for the benefit of the majority North. It was merely a self-protection and an elaboration of the accepted concept of limited government. But what Ms. Guinier poses, of course, is something quite different: not a right of defense, but a permanent, untouchable privilege under an imperial state—for a guaranteed income levy on the majority. Here lies the real problem and the real abandonment of democracy.

—*Clyde Wilson*

OBITER DICTA: The University of Missouri Press has once again included the work of *Chronicles* contributors in its slate of new releases. Due out this fall are Samuel Francis's *Beautiful Losers: Essays on the Failure of American Conservatism* and John Shelton Reed's *Surveying the South: Studies in Regional Sociology*. In *Beautiful Losers*, a collection of essays, Francis explains how recent intellectual, political, and social changes in the conservative movement mark the end of the Old Right. John Shelton Reed is somewhat more lighthearted in his collection of essays, as he examines the threads of continuity and change in Southern sociology. Yet both books should, in their authors' distinct and incisive writing styles, appeal to readers of *Chronicles*.

Also due out this fall is *The Martin Luther King, Jr., Plagiarism Story*, edited by *Chronicles* managing editor Theodore Pappas. Published by the Rockford Institute, the book will cover the controversy in its entirety, from the suppression of the story and cover-up of the evidence to the current call from the academy to redefine plagiarism in light of King's pilfering. The book will feature articles from *Chronicles*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New Republic*, and the *Sunday Telegraph*.

Those who enjoyed our June issue on immigration and the environment ("Bosnia, U.S.A.") may be interested in attending the Carrying Capacity Network's fall conference, "The Ethics of Immigration." Scheduled to take place on Friday, November 12, at the J.W. Marriott Century City Hotel in Los Angeles, the conference will address such topics as the biology and ethics of altruism, the environmental and social costs of population growth, friction among ethnic and racial groups, and the population carrying capacity of the United States. Speakers will include Tristram Engelhardt, Peter Brimelow, Jack Miles, and Virginia Abernethy. For more information write the Carrying Capacity Network at 1325 G Street, NW, Suite 1003, Washington, D.C. 20005-3104 or phone 800-466-4866.

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by Samuel Francis

Stupid and Proud

When the editors of the *New Republic* told writer Stephen Rodrick to get his cute little fanny down to Washington's Omni Shoreham Hotel and cover the first conference of Pat Buchanan's American Cause Foundation last May, Mr. Rodrick must have felt something like a character in Sartre's "No Exit." The prospect of idling for an entire weekend among the sworn enemies of Robert Mapplethorpe and Hillary Clinton is about as enticing an assignment for a budding New Republican as reporting on the recent water-tasting contest in Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. Nevertheless, even the Buchanan Brigades might be good for a snort, he probably figured, and who knows, he might get to meet a real, live anti-Semite of the kind he's read so much about.

So Mr. Rodrick came, saw, and reported, and his magazine duly carried his reportage in its June 7 issue. He never met any anti-Semites, but he seems to have had himself a grand old time anyhow.

"[M]others in floral-print dresses, rednecks selling 'Keep Our Privates Straight' stickers, clergy adorned in pro-life fetus buttons and respected conservative thinkers in navy blue suits grab croissants and pour themselves coffee in Delft cups," he snickered. Mr. Rodrick didn't seem to get much out of the speeches at the conference except a few madcap quotes that *New Republic* readers must think just rip the lid off what the Buchananites are really up to, but he sure enjoyed himself making fun of the people. The subject of the conference was "Winning the Culture War," and there were citizens on hand who picket abortion centers, organize grass-roots efforts against homosexual rights, and think the public schools ought to be closed down by the local vice squad. There was a black woman—Ezola Foster of Los Angeles—who praised the Los Angeles Police Department. Then there was the lunch of what Mr. Rodrick distastefully and not entirely accurately described as "ham sandwiches and Nilla Wafer pie," which was probably not at all like what they put into their mouths over at the *New Republic*. And there was even a man from Altoona, Pennsylvania.

That, however, is about as close to anti-Semitism as the impenetrable Mr. Rodrick could get. He had to content himself with a longish account of Mrs. Foster, who "discusses the difficulty in expressing alternative viewpoints in the African-American community but soon veers into a forty-five minute filibuster detailing exactly how alternative her views really are." It seems Mrs. Foster not only likes the LAPD but also believes that Jesse Jackson and certain other black leaders should be in jail and that public schools have become socialist training centers. Well, now, we at the *New Republic* are all for "alternatives," of course, but that wasn't precisely what we had in mind, especially for "African-Americans." Regrettably, Mr. Rodrick never asked Mrs. Foster what she thought of his magazine. Had she told him, he might have lost his Nilla Wafer pie even before the conference was over.

You can't expect more from the *New Republic* and its lesser lights than the sophomoric snobbery dressed up as enlightenment that Mr. Rodrick burped out in his story. Nor, as it develops, can you expect much more from the magazine generally thought of, in what passes for a free country these days, as the *New Republic*'s counterpart on the right, *National Review*. The other NR also sent a reporter to cover the proceedings, one Matt Scully, a former speechwriter for Dan Quayle, and Mr. Scully also spent the first paragraph of his article putting a bit of distance between the inhabitants of the conference and the Uptown Right as represented by his own journal. Among the funny-faces Mr. Scully spied were "young staffers who look as if they have just left Salt Lake City on their first mission abroad" and "a woman in satin gloves and a sun hat with crepe veil, recalling Barbara Stanwyck or Claire Trevor in a 1940's thriller." These, he fretted, were "the sort of political eccentrics who make for 'they're-not-like-us' caricatures in the *Washington Post* Style section."

But Mr. Scully went on to say that such "eccentrics" were indeed "principled and articulate, and prefer winning elections to winning good ink in the Style section." That's nice, but for some reason he, like Mr. Rodrick, felt compelled to crack wise about the good folks who attended.

The fact is that there just weren't very many oddwads at the Buchanan conference. I have been attending gatherings of the right for some 24 years, and I have seldom seen a more normal-looking crowd than showed up for this one. These were, almost to a man and woman, Middle Americans, principled and articulate to be sure, but also the kind of people you'd be glad to see walking toward you in a parking lot after dark. If it's funny-faces you want, go to any one of the various conclaves sponsored by the mainstream "conservative movement." At these geekfests, you will indeed run into young men who look like fugitives from the Nerd Room in *Animal House*, as well as the usual gaggle of "populists" who rally the masses by direct mail from Northern Virginia, mothers who make good livings defending family values yet haven't seen their own husbands and children since Jimmy Carter was President, and petty functionaries in the federal government who earn handsome fees lecturing on behalf of anarcho-capitalism. As for the *New Republic* and its tribe, if gatherings of conservatives look like the bar scene in *Star Wars*, those of the left usually resemble the basement of the mental hospital in *Silence of the Lambs*.

Moreover, *National Review*, as well as the other unofficial organ of the Stupid Party, *Human Events*, both contrived to miss the larger meaning of the American Cause conference. Mr. Scully used a good part of his article to scratch the back of his old boss, Bill Kristol, a speaker at the conference and former chief of staff to Vice President Quayle, and what both NR and HE found most compelling were Mr. Kristol's comments on a recent *Atlantic Monthly* cover story entitled "Dan Quayle Was Right." This, in the words of *Human Events*, proves to Mr. Kristol and presumably to itself that "reasoned argument can eventually gain ground even with hidebound liberals." Yep, we've got 'em on the run all right. A few more reasoned arguments from Dan and Bill like the ones they came up with last year and we'll have Jeffrey Dahmer in charge of the Food and Drug Adminis-

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tration.

Dan Quayle was right about what, exactly? Was Dan Quayle right when he criticized "Murphy Brown" for glamorizing illegitimacy, or was he right a few weeks later when he tried to make nice by sending a letter and a toy stuffed elephant to Murphy's fictional bastard? Was Dan Quayle right when he blasted the country's cultural elite for eroding "family values," or was he right later in the summer when he boasted of the Bush administration's "very good policy of nondiscrimination" against homosexuals? It's hard to tell what Dan Quayle was right about because no sooner did he enunciate one cultural position than he renounced it or diluted it shortly afterwards, and by waffling on the rhetoric as well as the substance of cultural conservatism, Mr. Quayle merely made a fool of himself and succeeded in fumbling the chance to frame the cultural issue of the campaign in meaningful terms.

I don't mean to pick on either Mr. Quayle or the two Stupid Party journals for saluting Mr. Kristol's generally harmless talk, but their cuddly reception of his speech and some similar ones shows that the really interesting aspects of the American Cause conference sailed right past their horn-rims. What was most interesting about the conference was the presence, for the first time on something like a national stage, of a more or less authentic counterrevolutionary (as opposed to merely conservative) force. And those who gave voice to that force were not the luminaries whom NR and HE found so fascinating but rather a band of obscurities and ne'er-do-wells who were barely noticed by either magazine and who happen to be associated with *Chronicles*.

The counterrevolutionary tactic was implicit in *Chronicles* editor Thomas Fleming's remark that the cultural war is "New York, essentially, against Nebraska," which Mr. Scully quotes but can't understand. Taking Dr. Fleming's largely metaphorical antithesis literally, Mr. Scully thought it was contradicted by the success of Mary Cummins' recent rebellion against the New York City schools. Not everybody in New York is a liberal, Fleming. So there.

I will forebear recounting my own speech to the conference, which dealt with the theory and practice of Antonio Gramsci's concept of "cultural hegemony" and how it might be applied to the causes of the right. I proceeded from the premise that the main mission of "cultural conservatives" today is not to conserve but to overthrow—namely, the cultural elite and its apparatus of political and cultural power. My remarks happened to receive a standing ovation from the audience of "eccentrics," but neither *National Review* nor *Human Events* bothered to mention it.

Nor did the similar counterrevolutionary thrust of the speeches of Mrs. Foster and Rabbi Yehuda Levin, who also received a standing ovation, excite much thought from the deadly duo from the conservative press. *National Review* did not even mention them. *Human Events* did mention them but only to make the utterly jejune and somewhat insulting point that having a black and a Jew at the conference refutes the smear that Mr. Buchanan is a racist. Only the Stupid Party really believes that having a couple of blacks and Jews around will save them from being accused of racism. Pat Buchanan, of course, is not a racist, but inviting Mrs. Foster and the several Jewish speakers who were on hand doesn't prove he isn't, nor was that why they were invited anyway. *Human Events*' point is so banal that it ought to apologize to the two speakers as well as to Mr. Buchanan.

Paul Gottfried, author of the recently published monograph *The Conservative Movement* and a frequent *Chronicles* contributor, spoke on the subject of how "political correctness" and "multiculturalism" are not merely superstitions of the academy but have now permeated the institutions and minds of the country at large. The implication of Mr. Gottfried's remarks was that revolt not "conserving" is the appropriate mission of the serious American right today. Finally, classicist E. Christian Kopff, a *Chronicles* contributing editor, delivered perhaps the most forceful address of the whole conference, arguing for an educational system grounded in mathematics and the classical languages as the only means of preserving the main traditions of Western culture in science, thought, language, and religion. As with Dr. Fleming's remarks, Mr. Gottfried's, and my own, the implications of Professor Kopff's speech involve a mission of challenging and overthrowing the incumbent elites of education and culture, not conserving them or fighting them with "reasoned arguments" drawn from the Stupid Party's repertoire.

Though neither Dr. Fleming's speech nor Professor Kopff's nor mine seemed to register with *Human Events*, Mr. Scully did refer to Mr. Gottfried as what he called a "pockets-of-virtue man"—i.e., one who thinks it's impossible to recapture the culture or the country and merely advocates retreat to backwaters like Altoona. As it happens, that is the direct opposite of what Mr. Gottfried advocated. The line Mr. Scully drew between "conservatives who aim to 'recapture the culture' and those resigned to finding little 'pockets of virtue' within it" actually excluded, concealed, and (again) missed the point of the most significant parts of the conference. In Mr. Scully's view, the real hero of the weekend was—guess who?—Bill Kristol, whose reasoned argument that Dan Quayle was right all along was invigorated by his sense, "as with the Soviets in the early Eighties, of a hollowness at the center." In Mr. Kristol's view, you see, the dominance of the cultural left in the United States is about to collapse like the Kremlin state. Once more, we've got 'em on the run.

The true line of division at the American Cause conference had nothing to do with "pockets of virtue" or "recapturing the culture." Everyone, including Mr. Kristol, wanted to accomplish the latter; what they differed on was the tactic by which that can be accomplished and exactly what it is that ought to be recaptured. To the conservative mind, as represented by the reports of *National Review* and *Human Events*, the cultural, social, and political structure of the United States is essentially healthy and needs to be conserved. Hence, there's no need for radicalism; we just have to sit back and wait for Bill and Hillary to catch up on what the *Atlantic*'s been publishing, for Murphy Brown to get married and the lavender lobby to abandon politics and open a florist's shop. In the meantime, we should meet the repression, exploitation, lies, smears, and calculated cultural destruction of the left with "reasoned arguments" about family values, global democracy, enterprise zones, and Martin Luther King as a conservative icon. Conservatism thus becomes a counsel of inaction, passivity, infantilistic optimism, and banality.

To the warped minds of *Chronicles* editors and writers, however, the future is not so bright. "Reasoned argument" won't work with the enemies of Middle America because those enemies don't care about reason. They care about power and using power to advance them-

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selves by subverting American beliefs and institutions. The only way to dislodge them and their power is through countervailing power, which is why Gramsci has more to teach us than Dan Quayle. And the only way to mobilize that countervailing power is to organize the normal people of the nation who come from places like Altoona and Salt Lake City and who gobble down entire buckets of Nilla Wafer pie every day, to engender in them a common consciousness of how they are losing their country, their culture, their wealth, and their political power, and to design and popularize a strategy by which they can do something about it.

And that, of course, is the reason why Mr. Scully and his editors felt it necessary to put a few cultural miles between themselves and the Middle Americans who attended the conference. If everything is as OK as *National Review* and *Human Events* think, there's no reason to have Middle Americans around at all, and there is in fact some danger in letting them loose in Washington. The folks over at the Style section and the *New Republic* might see them and try to make out that we of the Stupid Party are just like them, and then they'd be caricaturing *National Review* as well. How can we at *National Review*, *Human Events*, and other strategic centers of the Stupid Party enjoy reasoned argument with the cultural elite if the cultural elite thinks we too eat Nilla Wafer pie and wear funny hats?

The real significance of the American Cause conference was that it showed that there exists at least a nucleus for a Middle American counterrevolutionary force, outside the Republican Party and outside the whole incestuous, complacent, and outright crooked ranks of the mainstream conservative movement. If Mr. Buchanan is smart (which he is), he'll build this nucleus into a broad-based, independent social and political movement, and he'll leave the Uptown Right and the Stupid Party to hold all the reasoned arguments they want with the enemies of American culture. c

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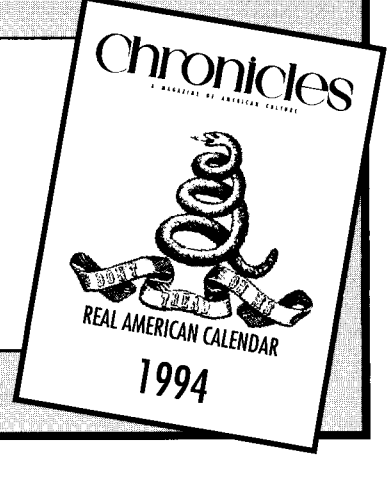

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Anthologies

by George Garrett

In this fat book I find
the signature, my own, my name
done in my same hand but different.
I could not make it that way now.

Summer of 1947 it would have to be.
The copyright is 1946—
A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry:
The Best Poems of the 20th Century.

A bit early then, wouldn't you say?
with this bloody century not yet half done
to be collecting and publishing the best.
Not at that time when everything was new

and wonderful, when so many of these poets,
words on pages, pictures in the back,
were new names to me and even now
look younger than any of us ever were.

Day Lewis, Eberhart, George Barker
and John Manifold are purely and simply
smiling and now are sure enough dead
or dying. Others look deadly serious.

And all but a precious few of them
are long gone to glory or oblivion.
Does anyone alive still miss Gene Derwood
with those wild eyes and that funny hat?

Does anybody else but myself and Mary Lee
Settle still march to Manifold's "Fife Tune"?
Is anyone around to rejoice at the rhymes
of Hildegarde Flanner's "Noon On Alameda Street"?

The child who believed he was a man
and scribbled my name in the flyleaf here
went forth like Ransom's "Captain Carpenter"
to read his way through the book of wounds.

And this book sitting on its dark shelf
for years, a buried treasure of shining words,
a safe house assigned to all the dead poets
he loved and cherished at first sight.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Jesting With Pilate

by Thomas Fleming

Americans pretend to be shocked whenever one of their national celebrities gets caught out in a lie. Is it really so surprising that Michael Jordan should attempt to conceal his gambling or that Bill Clinton should hide his *cochonnerie*? My European friends—some of them highly moral and religious men—never tire of ridiculing us for our Parson Weemsian naiveté. The scandal industry, so lucrative in these United States, is strictly a mom-and-pop business in France and Italy. *Spy* magazine attracted attention with "Bill Clinton's First 100 Lies," but who would dream of wasting paper on Mitterrand's lies—or his mistresses, for that matter?

If Americans, as a people, take lies seriously, why do we have a national holiday for a plagiarist but not for the father of our country, who was almost as truthful as Parson Weems made him out to be? Why was there so little outcry when Donna Shalala, apparently egged on by Senator Simon, confiscated the data of two NIH researchers who had designed a plagiarism detector? Their crime, it seems, was to have unmasked a pop historian as a career plagiarist.

Our entertainment industry is as honest as a WWF wrestling match in which surgically reconfigured stars like Cher and Michael Jackson are lip-synched, dubbed and redubbed, spliced, patched, and remixed for films, discs, and videos that win prizes for enthralling the little gammas and deltas who give box-office records to Steven Spielberg. If there is a national icon, it is Milli Vanilli.

The most basic lie of all is that ours is a free country, a representative democracy established by the Constitution of 1787. Even the ghost of that system was dissipated by our President-for-Life, Franklin Roosevelt, in whose four terms many of the worst official lies sent their spores into every nook and cranny of our national institutions.

FDR was the master of lies, from the doctored photo-record that made him appear a robust physical specimen, when in fact he was physically, not just morally, a cripple, to his manufactured reputation for brilliance and erudition. "He never told the truth when a lie would serve," was Douglas MacArthur's judgment, and that verdict could fit virtually every occupant of the White House since FDR's timely demise. Bob Dole lost the Republican nomination by telling the truth, and he was widely criticized as a bad sport when he publicly resented the lies George Bush was telling about him. It is easy to predict the outcome of American elections: the better liar nearly always wins.

"And ye shall know the truth," says Jesus in John's Gospel, "and the truth shall make you free." But in a culture so deeply dishonest, we cannot acknowledge the truth even in private company, even in our own hearts, lest we blurt out some truism about the sun rising in the East, or boys being boys (or not, as the case may too often be). If we cannot be honest with our-

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selves, we cannot be free, either in the trivial sense of social and political freedom, or in the deeper moral and spiritual sense that Jesus meant: "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." Every new campus speech code, every new piece of hate crimes legislation (with the Reagan-Bush Supreme Court's seal of approval) is another link in the chain that binds us to the Prince of Lies.

Freedom requires truth, but few of us have the slightest idea what truth is. At the level of popular culture, truth is an advertising slogan or a fashionable cliché. Poverty causes crime, chorus the liberals. No, welfare causes poverty, chirp the conservatives. In our personal lives, to tell the truth is to tell me what I think I already know, to convince me of what I believe. Liberals and conservatives both have their opinion factories—magazines, newspaper columns, talk shows—to flood the market with propaganda and drive out the occasional eccentric truth. Things are even worse at the heights of our culture—this is like saying the mountains of Iowa—where truth is reduced to the Marxist formula of "whatever serves the interest of . . . ," the blank to be filled in by the relevant racial or sexual minority.

As Francis Bacon realized, St. John's Gospel is a good place to begin a consideration of truth. Part of John's historical significance lies in his fusion of Greek and Judaic conceptions of truth. The basic notion in Hebrew is of a reality so solid that it is binding. God is truth itself, and so is his Word. In this sense, Jesus could claim to be the truth and to bear witness to the truth:

> To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? And when he said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all. [John 18:37-38]

Francis Bacon interpreted Pilate's irony as a question of moral epistemology, something like: What does it mean when someone says he is telling the truth? But for a Roman, truthfulness was a simple virtue; it meant not telling lies, no matter what the temptation. The Romans taught their sons more by precept and example than by theory, and in order to impress the ancient virtues upon the rising generation they told stories of virtuous old Romans. Fabricius, for example, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians and sent to Rome to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. The Roman disappointed his captors by advising the senate against the exchange, and, faithful to his word, he returned to Carthage where he was tortured to death.

Truthfulness is not a universal virtue, and the Romans—as their culture was transmuted by immigrants from the Middle East—accommodated themselves to different standards. It was customary to blame the Greeks, but the Greeks in question were really cosmopolitan Syrians and Phoenicians. The early Greeks had some regard for honesty. Achilles hated a lie like the gates of hell, but Odysseus, who had something like a genius for deception, may have been closer to the hearts of many Greeks.

The significance of the Greeks' conception of truth does not lie with the subjective side, that is with honesty, but in the objective plane. When Jesus says he came to bear witness to the truth or that he is the truth, the Greek word *aletheia* can mean (like the Latin *veritas* and the Italian *verità*) both honesty and reality (that is, truth as opposed to mere appearance). We take it for granted that there is a real and objective world, independent of our own perceptions and governed by its own laws, but the opposite assumption—that all we know, that the universe itself, depends on our own perception—is more intuitively obvious. Of course, even to pose the question as I have done requires an awareness of objectivity that is absent from most cultures and from most human beings in every culture.

Objective reality is a gift of the Greeks. Today, a reader may smile at Parmenides' declaration that "what is cannot not be," but in that smile he will miss an intellectual revolution. For it was in the stubborn and hard head of Parmenides that was born the clear conception of reality. Solid, changeless, timeless, his Being has the attributes of a god. This conception was the basis for first Plato's, then Aristotle's pursuit of truth as objective reality, and it is the hidden premise of Aristotle's rule of noncontradiction, the principle that—more than any other—distinguishes the Western mind.

Stated crudely, the rule is that a thing cannot both be and not be something, e.g., hot and not-hot, true and not-true. If two-plus-two is four, then it is not under some circumstances four and under other conditions not-four. It is four, pure and simple. Our scientific notion of truth-as-reality owes everything to Parmenides and Aristotle, and while medicine may be practiced, experiments conducted by men and women who do not accept this principle, the progress of scientific knowledge depends on this and other fundamental Western ideas.

For everyday use, it is enough to consider truth as a binding relationship between outer reality, the inner world of human perception, and honesty in uttering the impression of reality. A complete truth would, on this account, consist of seeing a chair and then saying so. But truth is not usually so simple. There is always the possibility that one can be mistakenly wrong—or even mistakenly right. Besides, much of what we know or think we know is not derived from direct experience. It is, as William James says, taken on credit. To take an example used more than once by James, we have heard of Julius Caesar, know the deeds attributed to him, and may even have his books in our library. But what do we really know that would justify us in saying we know the truth about Julius? In the case of the high-school student who parrots what his teacher tells him, his knowledge of ancient Rome is like his knowledge of science or morals or politics. He may have received what Plato calls "true opinion," but since he cannot prove it, what he knows is not knowledge and what he says is not fully truth. For Plato (in, for example, the *Parmenides*), truth can only emerge at the end of a long process of dialectic in which we examine the consequences of a proposition and its contradictory. If a god or gods exist, what then? If not, then what is the result?

How far is this from the pragmatist account of truth, at least in the version of William James? For the pragmatists, truth is "what works," or what has cash value, or what has practical consequences. "It is astonishing to see how many philosophical disputes collapse into insignificance the moment you subject them to this simple test of tracing a concrete consequence. There can be no difference anywhere that doesn't make a difference elsewhere—no difference in abstract truth that doesn't express itself in a difference in concrete fact and in conduct consequent upon that fact, imposed on somebody, somehow, somewhere, and somewhen."

The difficulty with the pragmatists' truth lies not in their ad-

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mirable insistence upon tracing consequences and upon verification processes, but in the assumption that this method is sufficient in itself. James, in his gentlemanly contempt for religion, was willing to allow believers to enjoy the "moral holidays" that derive from religious faith, and he was surprised by the angry rejection that his condescension inspired. But, by the terms of James's own analysis, a purely pragmatic account of truth leads to frightful consequences. His colleague John Dewey became a political propagandist for democratic socialism and, in his hatred for Stalin, could not or would not acknowledge the obvious truth, that Trotsky was just as criminal. Dewey, acting on the principle that truth is what works, exonerated Trotsky as an obvious political gambit aimed at discrediting Stalin and strengthening what we would now call the neoconservative wing of international socialism.

Go visit a school, and observe the music, the dress, the manners, the language, the violence. This is multiculturalism in action, where skinheads represent the last bastion of Europe and the cross is worn as a symbol of white racism. Teachers blame it on the home, but I know the children I sent off to school, and it is hard to recognize them after a year of formal education—private or public. Assimilation works, but *we* are becoming *them*.

James and Dewey were able to understand truth only as an experimental process that leads to results in this world. Their way of truth is typical of most scientists and intellectuals who see their job as a matter of analysis and criticism. Theirs is the truth that an individual can find and verify for himself. Like Plato, they are inclined to look down their noses at mere orthodoxy. But what a man can find out in the brief period of his active existence is very little. Most of what we know of good and evil, right and wrong, beauty and ugliness, kindness and cruelty, we learn from the tales and proverbs handed down to us and from the books we use to supplement or supplant traditional wisdom. Aristotle said that he only wanted students with sound characters, because analysis was only good for testing and validating what you already knew. If a man does not have a just character, he will never understand justice, no matter how hard he studies. In fact, he will only discover ingenious ways of defending injustice, vice, and perversity.

The brightest people usually end up saying something like what their peasant grandmothers knew all along, and much of the worst mischief in the world has been caused by the half-educated smart aleck who wanted to distinguish himself from the common folk. These are intellectuals, whose type can be recognized in the sophists of the 5th century B.C., the Christian gnostics, and the philosophes of the 18th century, and it is the perennial task of the wise to combat their ingenious vanities.

Modern intellectuals, convinced that they are on the cutting edge of progress, are incapable of any originality beyond the statement "I don't see any reason why. . ."—as in I don't see any reason why a man should have to go to church on Sunday, limit himself to one wife, kill harmless animals, study dead languages, or wear a necktie to work. As critics, intellectuals can be useful to the world, and the smart-aleck phase is only a stage in the development of many human beings, but to remain an intellectual is like being 15 years old for the rest of your life.

Philosophic sages and the greatest scientists begin by asking many of the same kind of questions put by intellectuals, but they are not content with the obvious answers. The intellectual reads a bit of potted anthropology—Margaret Mead, for example—and concludes that the customs of our own society have no foundation. A real student of human culture draws the opposite conclusion: if the Samoans or the Hopi have strange folkways that are vital to their cultures and to their survival as human beings, then why is it not equally important for Anglo-Americans to preserve our own exotic customs?

A large part of our own folk culture is bound up with the West's conception of truth as an honest and reasoned account of the objective world. It is not that civilized Oriental nations and even primitive peoples never conceived of objective reality, never reasoned their way to correct conclusions. Primitive man is a very practical being, a professional naturalist who usually knows as much about important species as the trained biologists who come to catalogue his world. But, for him, objective reality is shot through with mysterious subjectivities. Dreams, shadows, impressions left on a bed, even fingernail clippings are fraught with peril, because an enemy might use them for magical purposes.

One of the criticisms made against Lucien Lévy-Bruhl and his book *La mentalité primitive* was that he drew so many examples from the advanced civilizations of the East. In a way, however, Lévy-Bruhl was right. The philosophers of India and China revel in paradox and exult in the confusion of subject and object. The world is illusion; the passive and accepting baby is the human ideal; right and wrong are mere conventions, which the enlightened man transcends.

I anticipate the objection that modern science has gone beyond all this objectivity. Einstein and Heisenberg have shown us the relativity of the universe and the impossibility of separating the observer from the observed. Modern science, on this account, is returning to the wisdom of the East or, at least, to the pre-Socratics.

Did Einstein's theories really precipitate a moral and cultural revolution toward relativism, as so many (Paul Johnson most recently) have argued, or were his views adopted by a culture that had already gone relativist. G.E. Moore's *Principia Ethica*, which Lytton Strachey and his friends used to justify their immoralism, was published in 1903, at the very time Einstein was evolving his theory and long before his work was recognized. Besides, as Stephen Clark has argued, Moore's work was distorted by his admirers. It was the culture itself, not Moore or Einstein, that wanted moral and cultural relativism. Why, is another matter.

The same holds true for the earlier revolution in physics that supposedly sparked the cultural revolution that is still called the Enlightenment. In the textbook version of intellectual history, Sir Isaac Newton's demonstration of an orderly and rational universe inspired Voltaire and the other philosophes with a desire to find equivalent "laws" for the human world. The trou-

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ble is, Voltaire and the rest already knew what those laws were, a secularized version of Christian humanism. The Enlightenment did not need Newton or Copernicus—a rationalized version of Ptolemy, if offered as a revolutionary breakthrough, would have served the same purpose.

Parallels between the sciences that study nature and those that have man as their object are as perilous as they are intriguing. Some rules and methods are applicable to all subjects, but each discipline has its own unique rules (as each culture has its own peculiar codes of conduct). Those who write so glowingly of "the uncertainty principle" in morals or in art should recall Aristotle's warning that mathematical precision was as out of place in studying human behavior as rhetoric in a syllogism.

Even within a single culture, there are different ways of knowing, different ways of truth. Lévy-Bruhl, in describing the mind of primitive men, might also have been describing American journalists. Neither group has a grasp on the objective universe; both will say anything they like, so long as it fits the occasion. All the news that's fit, runs the old joke on the *Times*.

Truthfulness and the experimental method are both cultural artifacts. More and more they belong in a museum. When I was a student at Chapel Hill, we still lived by the honor code. This caused no end of trouble for teachers of Spanish and Portuguese, because their Latin American students did not regard cheating as wrong, even when they had signed a pledge not to cheat. It is not that they were less honorable than the rest of us. Most of them came from good families, and they lived according to a strict code. But that code did not include, for example, marital fidelity and academic honesty. Classes were war games, and teachers were the enemy, and in love and war, all is fair.

We think the customs of our civilization are exportable, and they are, up to a point. We can take the son of a shaman or witch doctor and send him to college and medical school, and he may succeed brilliantly, but a few years ago I read an interview with an African M.D. who explained that Western medicine was good, in its way, for treating the symptoms of disease; it could even do something with the material cause, with the viruses and bacteria that make people sick. But for the ultimate cause—what root or spell made the man susceptible to the virus—one had to turn to native medicine.

Perhaps he is right, in his own culture, and if his own son becomes a physician, he will probably despise his father's superstitions more than I do. But in the meantime, as the culture of Europe and North America is transmuted by millions of immigrants arriving annually from Africa, China, India, and Latin America, what is the chance of preserving our own strange regard for truth?

None at all. Go visit a school, and observe the music, the dress, the manners, the language, the violence. This is multiculturalism in action, where skinheads represent the last bastion of Europe and the cross is worn as a symbol of white racism. Teachers blame it on the home, but I know the children I sent off to school, and it is hard to recognize them after a year of formal education—private or public. Assimilation works, but *we* are becoming *them*.

But worse than the high schools and elementaries are the colleges and universities. In the very institutions established to promote honest research, students are now indoctrinated into multiculturalism, whose basic principle is a denial of the entire Western tradition of critical thought. Logic is sexist and racist, an instrument of oppression. Objective reality is an illusion, and the sciences that purport to study reality are only sophisticated games played by degenerate white males. History is bunk, because all that matters are the stories that people tell about themselves. The truth? "What is truth, said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

In one sense I agree with the alien defenders of alien traditions. Our culture did go mad on rationality; we have poisoned ourselves on universal principles to the point that we do not know how to defend our wives and children from enemies and rivals. We are so obsessed with seeing things from the other fellow's point of view, we do not even notice that he is picking our pocket. And the exclusively scientific view of the world has so warped our personality that we, like Charles Darwin, have lost our taste for beauty, for art, for poetry, for music.

Admitting our faults and heartily condemning this "botched civilization," we have to realize that these faults, as well as the corresponding virtues of truthfulness and sweet reason, belong to us. Salvation will not come from without, from exotic Oriental cults, from voodoo or salsa music. We can only reform ourselves within our own traditions—as we have had to do so many times in the past.

Reactionaries have always known that human culture is entropic—a steady degeneration punctuated by a few bursts of creative energy. The job of most generations is to preserve as much as they can of the light left over from the explosions and to add their own meager contribution—like fireflies in the sun. We are, as Vergil says, forever rowing upstream, and the moment we slack the oars, the current sweeps us rapidly back down. But we, in this generation, have watched the oars go slack, and as the boat begins to drift lazily down the stream, we throw the oars overboard and sit back to admire the novelty of the savage landscape we paddled by so many thousands of years ago. ☙

LIBERAL ARTS

MODERN SCHOLARSHIP

"What constitutes 'proof' positive [that George Washington was a homosexual]? The judicial model of British common law lingers in the back of many minds. Same sex contact is assumed to be a crime and the 'burden of proof' requires evidence beyond 'a reasonable doubt.' And who decides? Straight white men constitute the judge and jury. I reject this model entirely....I appeal not to juries who rejected the evidence of murder and mayhem in the Dan White or the Rodney King cases. F--k their impartiality! I appeal to queers to judge the George Washington evidence. Assume everyone is homosexual until proven otherwise. Begin with our own experiences and use them to understand same sex love inside our society and its past."

–from "George Washington's Gay Mess" by Charles Shively, a professor of American studies at the University of Massachusetts (as published in volume 2 of Gay Roots: An Anthology of Gay History, Sex, Politics and Culture).

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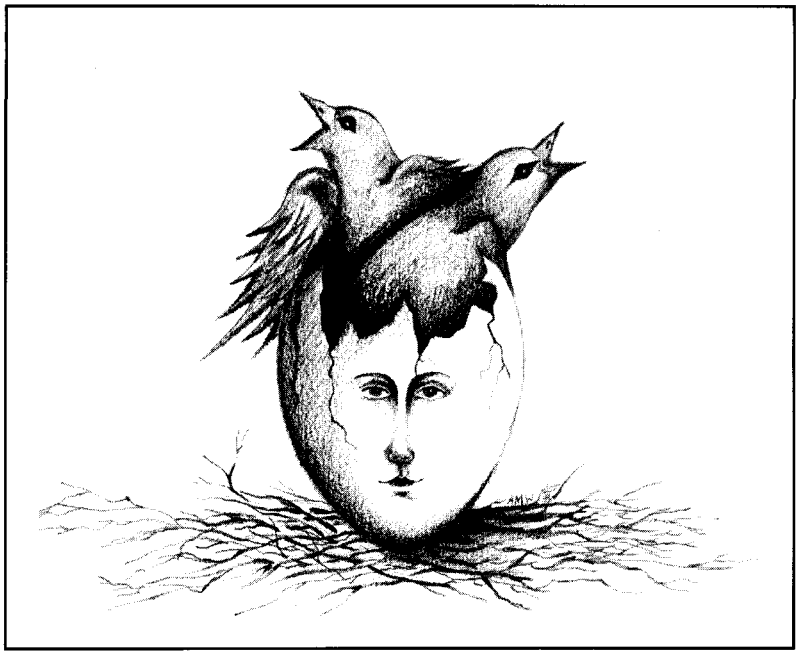
The Myths of the Social Sciences

by Jack D. Douglas



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Several years ago one of my former roommates at Harvard, now an economist with the United Nations, dropped by for a visit. We drifted into an informal review of the social science courses we had taken at Harvard in the late 1950's. The one overriding memory that we both had of those courses was that they *assumed* that the central planning of societies, especially of the economic segments of societies, worked. This led all of Harvard's social scientists, with no single exception we could remember, to assume that the Soviet economic system was inherently far more rational, creative, and productive than the American.

That was why they believed, along with their counterparts in other Western governments, that the Soviets were such a grave threat to the West. The Soviets would soon surpass us and might "bury us" economically, unless we met their threat with a democratic form of social and economic planning. The form of economic planning they favored, almost universally, was Keynesianism. Government planning of aggregate consumption, through the miracles of deficit financing and the "multiplier effect," would solve the terrible social problem of the business cycle and send us soaring onward and upward. Though they did not have as unified a view of general social planning, some of them soon came up with such a grand proposal and helped to implement it in Lyndon Johnson's Great Society plan, euphemistically called a "program" to provide some product differentiation from the totalitarian form of planning.

My friend and I roared with laughter as we reviewed the absurd iron-clad assumptions and arguments of these social scientists. But there was also an undercurrent of sadness to our discussion. We ourselves had wasted an awful lot of our youthful hours studying piles of economic texts and other social science literature built on those bogus assumptions and arguments. It had also taken us years of anguished observation and experience to work our way out of them and find new foundations for our own thinking. America's "best and brightest" social scientists and policymakers had miseducated us and our whole nation. They had set us on a path of terrible waste and our nation on a path of decline, decay, corruption, and conflict from which we have not begun to recover. Indeed, we were both also painfully aware that the social "scientists" in our "elite" universities and the policymakers of our nation were still plummeting deeper into the morass of collectivist ideas. "Reaganomics" and "Bushonomics" involved much rhetoric about "free markets," but they were actually massive plunges into Keynesianism and all that entailed.

I do not mean to imply that everything taught in the social sciences at Harvard and the "elite" universities in general has been wrong for the past 40 years—although I do grant the possibility. After all, anyone seriously surveying this history from the vantage point of what has actually happened over the decades, including the collapse of the Soviet threat and the rapid decline of our Keynesian economies, must carefully weigh the possibility that much of what people learned in

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those courses is wrong. For example, the lead article in the October 1992 issue of the *American Psychologist* begins by noting, "Many today are disappointed in the progress that psychology has made in this century." The author, Frank Schmidt, notes that the argument is whether this "slow" progress is due to a faulty philosophy of science or to behaviorism, the dominant epistemology in academic psychology. He argues that the basic statistical assumption used in this overwhelmingly statistical "science," the test of significance, is incorrect and systematically biases researchers to reach the wrong conclusions. A great many psychologists agree with him.

In fact, who now believes that the social sciences have been right, or have made valuable contributions to our society, over the past half century, or the past century for that matter? Our "elite" universities themselves are now overflowing with bright, young social "scientists" who adamantly insist that almost all of the dominant perspectives of these disciplines have been profoundly (or even absolutely) wrong. They march under different banners and labels—public choice economists, postmodernists, feminists, neo-Marxists, and on and on—but the general message is that what has been is radically wrong.

The primary problem is mythical thinking. Behaviorists, such as B.F. Skinner, did not lead psychology down a path of sterility, irrelevance, and mistake because they were dishonest or lazy. Keynes did not lead us to economic stagnation, soaring debt, and eventual crisis because he wanted to destroy capitalism or Western civilization. He did so because he was emotionally committed to the great myths of rationalism, scientism, modernism, and socialism and because these helped to lead him astray. He was empirically wrong about what he called "oversaving" and the "multiplier effect" of government spending. And the great majority of other social scientists who have misled and miseducated us did so because they were wrong, methodologically wrong, because their passions and convictions inspired mythical thinking in their choices of methods.

Sigmund Freud is certainly one of the most influential 20th-century thinkers who has led us astray and whose ideas have distorted and destroyed millions of lives. After 40 years of analyzing his work and of not knowing what to think about his basic ideas, I have become increasingly convinced that Freud was the victim of his own famous analytic method. First, Freud probably had patients who had very vague and garbled memories of their early childhoods, and a small number of them may have been physically attacked or sexually abused. Those two factors set him up for the biggest mistake he made. As Peter Gay has argued in great detail, Freud relied on his own self-analysis to determine what really happened in early childhood. His own memories led him to believe that at the age of four he had experienced full-blown (adult?) lust for his mother when he saw her nude. There may be extremely rare children who experience such extremely premature adolescence, as endocrinologists and neurologists would call it today. But even if Freud fit such a pattern, which is exceedingly unlikely, it would be a mistake to conclude that all other human beings fit the same pattern.

My best guess of what happened is that Freud's memory of early childhood excitement over nudity, which is very common in our very clothed society, led him to mistake fascination with the forbidden for fully developed sexual lust. Once he had that mistaken clue, he then made use of his biological preconception about human nature to conclude that everyone else would have the same experience. He used that clue to "interpret" what his patients told him. They were strongly biased to believe that what the Herr Doktor told them was true. In short, they were biased by his method and the situation in which he applied it—the medical situation, in which doctors are perceived to hold god-like power.

The overall evidence indicates that Freud was a devoted Scientist (with a capital "S"), an Expert who believed that Science provides us with the Absolute Truth. Like almost all modernist social scientists, he implicitly believed the Myth of Absolute Science and the Myth of the Expert embodied in the idea of "The Genius." In this modernist myth, Science is a mystery that produces miracles—a secularized religion, remarkably like Judaism or Christianity—that produces Absolute Truths discovered and handed down to common people by Experts (Prophets) who are inspired by the mysterious grace of Genius (the Word of God). The Scientist-Expert imposes the Truth upon reluctant sinners.

Frank Sulloway and others have shown this remarkable parallel between the tenets of Freud and the ideas of the Jewish and Christian prophets and heros. Peter Drucker recently pointed out that this same mystique of the Expert is the cornerstone of the social science myths of Marxism, scientific management, Keynesianism, and social planning in general. Common sense tells us that everyone plans rationally, but the Social Planner asserts that only he is a social science Expert who can prophesy the future and plan everybody's life to make everybody happy in heaven on earth.

Common sense would lead us to expect that Sigmund Freud was basically ignorant about sex and most other everyday things, simply because he lived such a limited, constrained life. Anyone interested in pursuing this matter should look at the stark contrast between Freud's ignorance of sexuality, especially of the deviant kind his patients were reporting, and Havelock Ellis's very real knowledge based on a wide range of experience, both personal and secondary, through the lives of his friends and contacts. Freud, however, played the Scientist-Expert role superbly, while Havelock Ellis had nothing on his side but the humble methods of empiricism and simple, problematic truth. Freud became the Genius of Sexuality in the mass media and the academic world, thereby condemning tens of millions of the best and brightest in our Western nations to some of the most bizarre myths in history.

Strictly speaking, Freud is more an example of medical myths than of social science myths. Freud always remained grounded in the biologistic ideas of 19th-century medicine (before behavioral biology, ethology, and the whole complex of ideas now known as "holistic medicine"). The true Scientific Geniuses of the social science of sex were Margaret Mead and Alfred Kinsey. Mead, of course, was the great pioneer in the mass media of cultural relativism (whereas Freud was a rigid biological determinist). She was actually following firmly in the footsteps of her teachers, especially of Franz Boas and Ruth Benedict, but the media saw her as the Genius who went to the faraway mountain (Samoa) and brought back the divine book of sexual relativism—*Coming of Age in Samoa*—which students are destined to read as the modernist bible of casual sex in introductory courses in utopianism at Harvard and elsewhere.

Mead studied a small group of Samoan girls in a missionary school, was told by them that they made love under the palms

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with the local boys with no bad afterthoughts or unintended pregnancies, generalized her findings on the basis of these few dozen self-reported nymphettes, and concluded that sex and all its trappings are merely cultural phenomena, not matters of human nature. Roughly 60 years later Derek Freeman published a book on *Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth*, in which he reported that those same girls told him, many years after Mead left Samoa, that they never made love under the palms but were merely putting Mead on, because they were embarrassed by the strange lady asking all those dirty questions. As Freeman points out, traditional Samoan culture, especially in matters of religion and sexual morality, had largely collapsed early in the 19th century, a century before Mead arrived, and had been replaced by the Christian sexual morality taught by British and other missionaries.

Freeman's book led to an explosive controversy in anthropology. Though the whole issue is now overwhelmed by academic complexities, I am quite convinced that we shall never *know*, even at the commonsense level, let alone at that of systematic science, whether the girls put Mead on or whether they later lied to cover up their earlier wickedness. It really does not matter, except to Mead's posthumous reputation as Genius. Even at their most cunning, the girls never said anything very different from what some local "tarts" or "sluts" might have said in the very heart of Puritan New England if they had been guaranteed anonymity. Nuns were sometimes found to be less than puritanical in 15th-century Florence, but almost never admitted it. But none of this means that human nature does not exist, that sex is all culturally determined, or that the Samoan girls were lying or telling the truth. As far as human sexuality was concerned, there was no news in Mead's findings.

Mead's methodology was actually quite similar to Herodotus' travelogue methods. Herodotus was a cultural determinist (opposed by Thucydides' belief in natural *and* cultural influences on individual choices) who believed in wild stories of casual sex among the "primal hordes." The problem was that Meade presented her findings as Scientific Truth, the mass media and social scientists taught them as sacrosanct, and tens of millions of miseducated people believed them. Herodotus admitted he did not know if his stories were true by noting that he had only *heard* these things, hence acknowledging that they might be mere rumors. Mead's anthropological research was simply not as good as that of Herodotus 2,300 years earlier and was nowhere near as good as the methods of Thucydides (who was a complete insider in the war he studied). There were other anthropologists in her own day studying love and sex on nearby islands, such as Hortense Powdermaker and Bronislaw Malinowski, who did much better than Herodotus. But modernist America loved Mead and forgot the others. (The best anthropologists, a true oasis in an academic wasteland, did not forget Malinowski.)

Alfred Kinsey did basically the same thing as Margaret Mead, but on a far grander scale and in far more pretentious forms of Absolute Scientific Truth. I doubt that any social scientist who looks at Kinsey's interviews and questionnaire surveys would now believe that his quantitative conclusions are at all justified. I doubt anybody, social scientist or otherwise, who looks at some of his reported methods, such as his unquestioning acceptance of "anonymous" findings that infants subjected to genital stimulation can have massive orgasms in rapid succession, would deny the fact that Kinsey also "discovered" some of the most bizarre myths in human history. On the other hand, anyone with any knowledge about human history or with any experience in a big city will not be at all surprised by Kinsey's conclusion that the world is full of sexual "outlets"—intercourse, masturbation, sodomy, and much else.

To this day there is a great controversy raging whether Kinsey "discovered" or "proved" that ten percent of the adult population is "gay." Kinsey, among others, was aware of the fact that very few people who are socially labeled as "homosexual," or who label themselves as "homosexual," are exclusively so. For example, it is well known from every conceivable source that prisoners, who were highly overrepresented in Kinsey's samples, commonly engage in homosexual acts in prison (willingly or by force), that they do not often see themselves as homosexuals, and that they routinely escape homosexual practices when released. These and a great many other complexities considered by Kinsey and almost everyone else who studies sex are completely overlooked in the media.

But one can easily show far more horrendous problems—and absurdities—in Kinsey's data. Kinsey's reports on sexually potent infants are indeed shocking, but not merely because they indicate that someone actually stimulated children to orgasm. Kinsey's reports were shocking because they were preposterous in every respect, from beginning to end. They read like some kind of pederastic science fiction, but of the most bizarre kind. Though pederasty is one of the most secretive forms of deviance in our society, I do not know anyone who admits to being an infant pederast in any circumstances. There are criminal convictions for molesting or raping infants, but I do not believe that there is a kind of mad-scientist pederast of the sort reported by Kinsey. It seems far more likely that someone, probably out of Kinsey's prisoner sample, got a tremendous "kick" out of fooling Kinsey and his whole team, just as some of Mead's adolescent girls probably got a tremendous "kick" out of putting her on about love under the palms.

As these examples make clear, the current state of our big universities (not our small liberal arts schools) and especially of the social (pseudo) sciences is that of a wasteland. The era of modernist scientism is still with us in many of these big bureaucracies. Jargonism, rationalism, statisticism, sterile typologism, and ad hoc conceptualism still run rampant in the massive questionnaire surveys of sociology, political (pseudo) science, and family studies. But who now believes those textbook questionnaires measuring compatibility in love or employee morale in industry? Few intelligent members of the public still believe these myths. Even executives are beginning to flee the absurdities of business science and business school credentialism. The absurdities of the social sciences make it clear that these disciplines are already on life-support today. Americans only let them continue because they provide convenient credentials for their children.

But I have faith that in death will be the rebirth of the social sciences. The interwar Wasteland that T.S. Eliot, Oswald Spengler, and so many others described did not lead to the fall or death of the Western world. The awful decay of values in those years led to a reinvigorated search for meanings. I believe something similar will happen, even in our dead universities, in the decades ahead. The social sciences will be rebuilt—regrounded—on the foundations of human nature and wisdom. They will once again become handmaidens of common sense and ancient values, not tyrants of modernist Science and social planning. c

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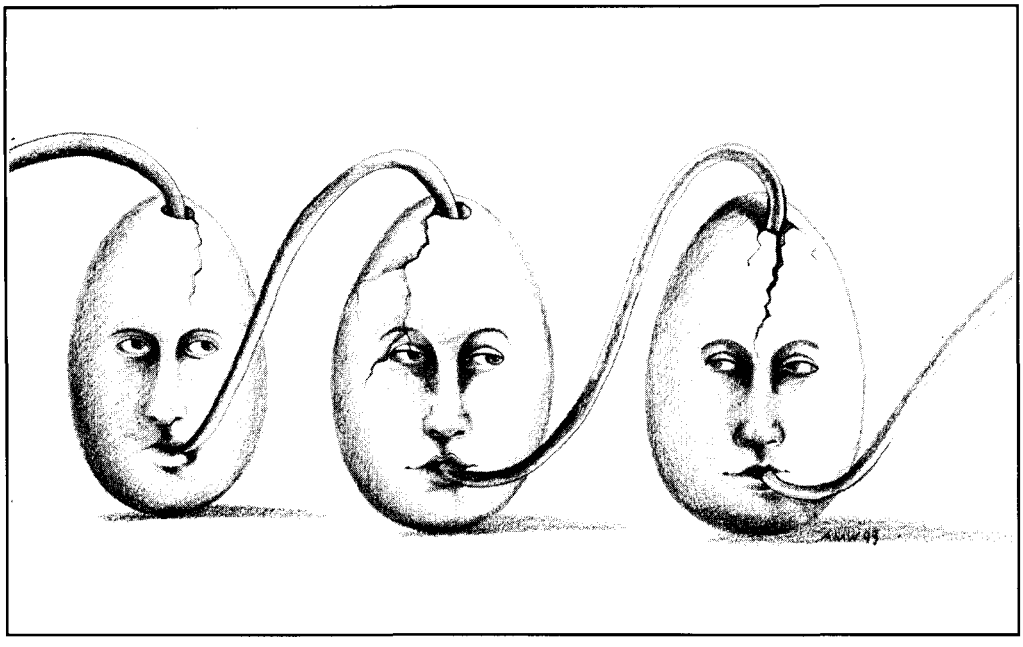
Mimesis and Perjury

by E. Christian Kopff



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

A tidal wave of intellectual, and sometimes financial, fraud is hanging above the happy tropical village of American academia, threatening to crash down on it and sweep it away into the off-shore reefs. The danger has a distinctly different appearance if observed from the Olympian heights where physical scientists view the approaching storm with Lucretian calm, or from the bustling lowlands where the busy teacher of humanities courses scurries to and fro, lecturing to a crowded classroom here, grading the papers from his senior seminar there, in his spare moments scribbling out his notions for an academic journal.

The physical scientist, who in America will allow to no other the name of "scientist," sees the end of his reign as the only true scholar, a reign that began in the 17th century and, with the support of the Enlightenment Project, itself drawing to its close, exercised ever more power until the explosion in numbers, wealth, and prestige that followed the Second World War. His claim to objectivity and to a unique vision of the world, to possession of the key that opens the door to technology and wealth, is under assault from many directions, grim-mouthed feminists, giddy Nietzscheans, solemn votaries of Gadamer. These would perhaps have little influence without the growing evidence of fraud in the temple of Holy Science.

The plight of the humanities may be even more desperate. A few years ago, René Girard came to Boulder to tell us, "We live in a world where plagiarism has become a philosophical impossibility. It simply cannot exist. If a dean tells you that there can be such a thing, she must belong to some benighted field like computer science. This is very good news indeed. It is so good that literary critics should be discreet about it for fear of appearing a little self-serving."

Girard, it is fair to warn you, was speaking ironically, but truthfully. Departments of English and of the languages and literatures of modern Europe have fallen almost completely under the sway of Nietzsche, more than a century after he resigned his chair of classical philology to pursue his vision. There is no objective truth, and claims to such truth are merely obtrusive signs of the will to power of church or state. A century ago it took a carefully educated and brilliant classicist to deconstruct, to point out the hidden and perhaps unconscious agendas of bureaucratic state and popular morality and canonical text. Even a generation ago, it took a decent education and a lively French pen. Now every monoglot American graduate student in comparative literature can do it.

More than a decade ago Stanley Corngold of Princeton wrote an essay on "Error in Paul de Man," where he presented to the readers of the prestigious theoretical journal *Critical Inquiry* the discovery that De Man, guru of the Deconstructionists at Yale, had mistranslated a key passage in Nietzsche that he was "deconstructing." *Critical Inquiry* gave De Man space to reply, and De Man said, more or less, "Well, let's take Corngold's translation. I can reach the same results no matter what words the author used." Some time ago a heavily published young physicist at the University of California-San Diego was forced into early retirement when it was shown that he was using the same math equation in totally different papers on substantially different topics. De Man did essentially the same thing. He admitted that no matter what words he shoved into his theoretical meatgrinder, the same baloney issued forth. It had no negative effect on his reputation. Now, for totally other reasons, his reputation is at a low ebb, and colleagues are

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showing that De Man's work is full of mistranslations, not only from German, but also from French, despite the fact that—or, Baudelaire might have said, because—he was Belgian. When, faced with this and similar scholarly malfeasance, the dean of Yale College said that he had given up on the humanities and would hire only "scientists," his faculty drove him into early retirement.

Yale should not bear the full brunt of the changes in academic attitudes. Earlier this year the *Chronicle of Higher Education* devoted its back page to a plea that we rethink our definition of plagiarism in light of the pirating by Martin Luther King, Jr. King's plagiarized dissertation is a two-edged sword in this debate. On the one hand, the existence of this plagiarism is evidence of a widespread and deep corruption in our academic and journalistic establishments. Yet it was uncovered by scholars employing the traditional standards and methods of textual editing and source criticism. There is evidence that the editors of King's papers tried to delay publication of the discovery. There was, however, no way to disguise the facts of the case, given the traditions and conventions of textual criticism and source criticism, i.e., real scholarship.

One way to test a method is to present it with unwelcome results. Real science, physical and humane, must come to terms with such evidence. Galileo did not like the idea that the planets might not move in perfect circles, as Einstein did not care for Heisenberg's "Uncertainty Principle." Eventually, however, physicists did accept what the evidence told them. Documentary study of the writings of M.L. King and Paul de Man revealed unpalatable facts about these men. A Yale colleague and fellow literary theorist of De Man's wrote for the *New Republic* an essay showing how easily literary theory could absorb and twist and deny the worst revelations. For both De Man and King, however, scholarly study of the documents, a study that goes back to the ancient world for its methods and standards, stood firm. The humane sciences are virtually as old as the physical sciences and their methods are as time-tested and give results as valid. The future of American academia is deeply involved in understanding these important facts and building on them. It is literary theory and other offshoots of Nietzsche's brilliant dissections of Western religion and science that are the Barthean mythologies used by our ruling white elite to preserve its authority in the waning afternoon of its long, but loosening, grip on power. Among the forces that will destroy this evil elite are the discoveries of Western sciences, both physical and humane.

There are crises of plagiarism outside of America. Last spring, a professor of the philosophy of law at Naples submitted an article to a learned journal. By ill luck the relatively unknown German from whom he had translated his essay had just had it and several others translated into Italian, and the editor of the journal recognized the fact. Not only did the editor reject the article, but he got together with some learned colleagues and started to go over the professor's books. Sure enough, they had been translated, down to footnotes and punctuation, from German books and articles. The professor caught red-handed, now in his 70's, had enjoyed a distinguished career, honored with not only a professorship, but the presidency of his learned society and the rectorship of a learned foundation. It is a severe critique of his field that so few caught on so late, or that those who knew or suspected were silent. It is also worth noting, however, that the methods and standards do exist for catching and revealing such activities.

Professor Villani has been expelled from the learned society he once headed, but many plagiarists are much luckier. A book is published with paragraph after paragraph copied from another work. A note is sent to book review editors asking them to notify potential reviewers that suitable references were accidentally omitted. A similar note was found in a learned journal after it had published an article containing an idea also found in an unpublished dissertation written at the writer's university, a dissertation whose author was not as compliant as the source for M.L. King's work. Certainly all flesh is heir to forgetfulness and each case must be judged on its individual merits. Even in cases where such an excuse is not relevant, however, and sentence after sentence is copied from another source, the offense is treated as venial and constitutes no bar to professional advancement.

In most cases, as in those of De Man and King, the relevant universities draw the wagons in a circle and refuse to discuss the embarrassment, or, more brazenly, blame the messengers who proclaim the facts. One must then feel some admiration for Princeton University Press for allowing Professor Anthony Grafton of Princeton's history department to tell the general public that the late Professor Paul Coleman-Norton of classics published in the *Catholic Biblical Quarterly* a forged Greek text of a lost saying of Jesus, with extensive scholarly commentary. Admittedly, the fragment does small credit to the sagacity of the pious editors of the *Quarterly*. It concerns a disciple who wants to know how there will be "gnashing of teeth" for sinners who have lost theirs. "Oh ye of little faith," answers Jesus, "teeth will be provided." According to Grafton, Coleman-Norton's students had heard him make the same joke in class. The tradition of classical forgery has distinguished antecedents. Grafton mentions that Erasmus added a work of his own composition on martyrdom to his 1530 edition of the works of Saint Cyprian.

What might surprise some is the continuing influence of those who indulge in such antics. Universities all over America give their staff a day off in honor of King. About a book a year pours forth from learned presses in praise of Erasmus. As I have indicated above, known plagiarism is no bar to academic advancement. As with the physical sciences, it is more often the whistleblower who suffers.

"Is there any comfort to be found?" asked William Butler Yeats. Despite what the apes of Nietzsche tell us, there are valid traditional standards in the humanities, as in the other sciences. Learning those standards remains a challenge. Standing up for those standards will earn little thanks from the corrupt elites that run our universities and our governments. Woe unto us, however, if we do not stand up for them. Many have led fruitful and creative lives without holidays in their honor or public recognition. Some have been given hemlock to drink, or its equivalent, for revealing the fraudulence of their society. To stand in that company, though at a distance, to hear those voices and learn those standards, and then to repeat them to those who can understand them, that is the life worth living, no matter what the cost. "I say unto you, they have their reward," Jesus did say about people like Erasmus and King. The reward of those who stand up for excellence and truth is not only laid up in heaven, however. It is tasted here on earth, every day, in the lives they lead and the truth (and truths) they come to know.

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The Politics of Scientific Fraud

by Marcel C. LaFollette

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

"Smuggler, embezzler, art forger, scientist." Before the recent controversy over scientific fraud, that list might have been used on an SAT: "The first three deal in deception, the fourth deals in truth." Today, however, science's cultural image is not so unambiguously positive: scientists no longer seem immune from the moral lapses that can inflict people in other occupations. Fabrication, falsification, and plagiarism are by no means rampant within scientific laboratories, but sufficient ethical problems have surfaced—many in places assumed to have higher standards, as in prestigious journals—to raise alarm. And although academics in the humanities and social sciences might prefer to dismiss this as a dilemma only for science departments, the federal regulations and political suspicion resulting from shaken public trust affect all academic researchers, not just those in the physical and natural sciences.

Scientific "truth" matters for reasons other than morality (even though that should suffice). First, we pay for it. As U.S. Representative John Dingell recently admonished readers of the *New England Journal of Medicine*: "The foundation of public support for science . . . is trust . . . that scientists and research institutions are engaged in the dispassionate search for truth." We also care because scientific data and evidence—and the secondary and tertiary conclusions based on them—influence so many personal and political decisions: individual choices about diet or health care, community choices about power generation or water treatment, government standards for auto emissions, judicial convictions that rely on scientific analysis of blood stains. Modern society routinely accepts a preponderance of information as "scientific knowledge" and does so more out of habit than rational evaluation of each new fact. Experience counts. Science's record for accuracy has simply given little cause for concern—until recently.

An intelligent consumer of scientific information, like the intelligent consumer of other goods and services, would not, of course, necessarily assume that all such information is free of error or falsehood. Deception is not happiness, as Riccardo Nobili reminds us in *The Gentle Art of Faking* (1922): "to be well deceived means to be living in a fool's paradise, a most costly dwelling that promotes no eternal joy." Nevertheless, science's reputation tends to deflate skepticism, to insure positive acceptance of all scientists do or say.

Even after following the issue of scientific fraud for over a decade, I still find it incredible that a scientist could not only accept public money to conduct research, fail to do it, and then coolly fabricate data and nonexistent "experiments" for journal articles, but also allow other professionals to base treatment of patients on the conclusions in those articles. And yet in the case of Stephen E. Breuning, who in 1988 pled guilty to federal charges of having falsified research project reports to the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH), that is exactly what happened. Breuning's "data" indicated that psychotropic drugs were often overused—and that stimulant drugs were

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more effective—in treating hyperactive children. His conclusions were widely reported and accepted: from 1980 to 1983 (when he was first accused of misconduct), his published papers represented at least one-third of all scientific articles on the topic. From 1981 to 1985, his work had a "meaningful" impact in his field, as measured by citations to his work by others.

Although there is no evidence that any patient was harmed by these misrepresentations, the terrible potential became obvious to all. The case represented an important milestone in the political controversy in the United States because it shattered the argument that fraud only involved unimportant or uninfluential work, that deliberately falsified data would never penetrate the acceptable mainstream, that fakery was so inconsequential it could be safely ignored, and that the system was "self-cleansing."

The discovery that a scientist has calmly and rationally cheated, lied, and deceived his colleagues and the public contradicts the common image of how scientists should act. It also creates doubt about the reliability of scientific advice—a disturbing uncertainty in a world where that advice is so pervasive.

Fraud and deception among society's heroes draw attention to contradictions and inconsistencies in its value systems. Because American culture applauds entrepreneurship, independence, and ambition, for example, scientists have been encouraged to develop independent imaginations and innovative research, to engage in intense competition, to strive for success. Ironically, Americans also want their white-coated heroes to be humble and generous in success, to share credit where credit is due, not to steal credit falsely. The discovery that a scientist has calmly and rationally cheated, lied, and deceived his colleagues and the public contradicts the common image of how scientists should act. It also creates doubt about the reliability of scientific advice—a disturbing uncertainty in a world where that advice is so pervasive.

Perhaps understandably, many scientists reject such candid analysis. They blame not the perpetrators of fraud but society for having insufficient faith in scientists, implying that better science education would improve understanding. Or they blame the analysts, characterizing sociologists, historians, and political scientists who study the topic as "anti-science," as ignorant of science (on the theory that only kings or queens should write about the monarchy), or as hurting science's public reputation by publicizing "a few bad apples."

Scientists are, by and large, intelligent men and women—so why such hostility? Perhaps because the existence of unethical conduct among peers with similar backgrounds contradicts scientists' self-images. The physicist and the chemist see themselves defending objectivity in an irrational world, struggling to refute pseudoscience in a world swimming in superstition. Society reinforces those images by assigning scientists the role of seekers, determiners, and guardians of truth.

At first, such attacks on criticism and commentary were confined to the perceived "negativism" of analysts or science journalists (William Broad and Nicholas Wade, who wrote the first popular book on scientific fraud, drew extraordinary fire). But when congressional committees that oversee management of federally funded research began to raise questions (as is their responsibility), a few prominent scientists challenged Congress's authority to investigate research fraud, even when it occurred in federally funded projects. That resistance to scrutiny, as well as scientists' failure to coordinate among themselves any plan for improving research integrity, left the field open for congressional action.

In a political setting, attention concentrates appropriately not on who trusts but on who is trusted. "Accountability" signifies the responsibility of a government official (or, in the case of government-subsidized research, the person or institution receiving a grant or contract) to prove himself worthy of the public's trust, to account for financial expenditures or equipment use, and to follow relevant government policies. The concept of political accountability is, in fact, crucial to understanding why "scientific fraud" has become more important in the United States as a political, not a moral, issue. The post-World War II organization of research initially attempted to shift managerial power over science away from Washington, to allow individual researchers and institutions autonomy in conducting research. In return, scientists promised unimpeachable accountability.

Vannevar Bush's *Science—The Endless Frontier* (1945), which outlined the postwar plan, named "publicly and privately supported colleges and universities and the endowed research institutes" as the best home for basic research, providing an environment "most conducive to the creation of new scientific knowledge and least under pressure for immediate, tangible results" and thereby insulating science from the presumed taint of commercial gain. Despite the attraction of reliable, ample research support, some scientists were uneasy about the strings potentially attached to government funding. In 1945, Frank Jewett (then president of the National Academy of Sciences and formerly president of Bell Laboratories) warned that "every direct or indirect subvention by Government is not only coupled inevitably with bureaucratic types of control, but likewise with political control and with the urge to create pressure groups seeking to advance special interests." The rhetoric of the Bush report attempted to reassure Jewett and his supporters that university administrators and federal grant agencies could buffer bureaucratic controls, insuring the "scientific worker . . . a substantial degree of personal and intellectual freedom." To further assure sensitivity to science's special needs, *scientists* would oversee management of research laboratories and *scientists* would head the government science agencies and advise on policymaking. This scheme was akin to establishing a department to fund public housing but requiring that it be headed by a housing contractor and that departmental policy be controlled by a board composed exclusively of other contractors. Scientists, of course, claimed to be different, to be free of conflict of interest or self-interest when they contracted for knowledge-production. They promised intellectual integrity, comprehensive expert review at all stages of research (the "peer review" system for proposals and publications), and political accountability.

In retrospect, this plan seems inherently unstable; certainly

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it had few parallels in contemporary American government. Yet throughout the 1960's and 70's, the research system was healthy and productive, the science agencies monitored performance thoroughly and conscientiously, and no one questioned the overall trustworthiness of grant recipients. Political controversy surrounded the use of human subjects and animals in experiments, the safety of genetic manipulation, and the disposal of hazardous byproducts of research, but fabrication, falsification, and plagiarism were considered to be matters of ethics not policy, moral rather than political issues.

In the 1980's, criticism of university management practices, especially indirect cost-accounting practices and the hiring of public relations firms to acquire "pork barrel" grants without peer review, helped to create a less favorable political climate for academic science. Soon, congressional committees charged with overseeing R&D began to investigate why the management and evaluation systems created to monitor research and research communication had failed to detect or prevent several outrageous examples of misconduct.

The first significant legislative attention to scientific fraud took place in 1981, in hearings of the House Committee on Science and Technology's Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations, chaired by Albert Gore, Jr. (then U.S. Representative from Tennessee). Gore opened the hearing with a statement that encapsulated Congress's interest: "At the base of our investment in research lies the trust of the American people and the integrity of the scientific enterprise." The senior officials at the National Institutes of Health and the other prominent scientists who testified seemed unresponsive to such reminders. No "real" scientist could ever commit fraud (and hence those who committed fraud were never real scientists) and, because so few cases of fraud had been found, no elaborate management or training programs were needed to prove it.

When congressmen heard testimony that NIH was not only funding scientists who had been accused of wrongdoing but that its policy also did not prohibit funding after admission of guilt, they expressed outrage. These were not, however, the usual ritual statements of Capitol Hill: they typified instead a growing, genuine sense of political betrayal, a violation of a trust relationship of the utmost seriousness. As delays in the rule-making process within NIH continued through the 1980's, and few universities moved forward with developing procedures to investigate allegations or promote integrity, members of Congress continually warned that, if scientists and universities did not soon demonstrate a commitment to change, then tough and unpleasant federal regulations would follow.

In addition to the Breuning case, several other extensive, well-publicized episodes of scientific fraud helped to shape the content and direction of political attention. The activities of John Darsee, for example, which had been discussed in the Gore hearings, became front-page news in 1981. This case drew special attention because of the research topic and source of funding (Darsee was participating in an important, multi-institutional cardiology study funded by the NIH) and the prestige of Darsee's mentors and affiliations (training at Emory University, post-doctoral appointment at Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston, and assistant professorship at Harvard Medical School). Sterling credentials did not provide a shield against corruption. Coworkers at one point reportedly watched in disbelief as Darsee falsified data from a heart monitor attached to a dog, attempting to make it appear that the information had been collected over several days not hours.

The Darsee case also drew attention to the growing problem of "irresponsible coauthorship." Some of his colleagues had willingly accepted credit as "coauthors" on articles they had neither written nor read and then blithely disavowed responsibility when the articles were challenged. Many coauthors discovered that Darsee had done them no favor—their résumés were longer but their names were attached to tainted manuscripts. For some of Breuning's coauthors, professional problems dragged on for months. Over 50 articles remained in dispute while Breuning refused to discuss the matter publicly and the journals refused to retract them unless all coauthors cooperated. In a case against cardiological radiologist Robert Slutsky, a University of California-San Diego investigation determined that of 137 manuscripts he had written between 1978 and 1985, 77 were valid, 48 "questionable," and 12 "fraudulent." Slutsky, too, had "favored" junior colleagues with coauthorship (in part to disguise his improbable rate of production), but was less cooperative in assisting retraction.

The attention that these cases brought to the issue of coauthor responsibility did result in some positive change. Certainly, there is increased awareness among young coauthors and some reassessment of publication policies within laboratories. The greatest change has occurred with the journals, many of which now require that submissions be accompanied by a letter attesting that all coauthors have read and approved the manuscript.

Not all issues raised by scientific fraud have been settled so easily. Retractions, for example, help to preserve a journal's reputation for accuracy, but the concept of "retracting" errors also relates to maintenance of a field's intellectual integrity. Scholars see forgeries as "corrupting" the body of knowledge defining a field's substance; they can create misunderstandings, lend support to false theories, or route causative explanations down the wrong path. Unfortunately, fake scientific knowledge is not like fake art—we cannot simply tear an offending page from a journal like we remove forged paintings from museum walls. "Retraction" is actually just a notice (usually published in a later issue of the same journal) that the previous article should be disregarded. Handling retractions efficiently and fairly continues to be a significant problem for scientific publishing. With electronic data bases, retraction notes can be tagged or linked to the original article. But what about subsequent references to the work? Or cross-references? And what about data in limbo—questioned but not yet proven false?

Even a sympathetic observer of the political negotiations surrounding scientific fraud might conclude that none of the parties to the debate—universities, government officials, accused scientists and their lawyers, whistleblowers and their lawyers, congressional oversight committees, and people claiming to speak for the scientific community—has much interest in resolving it swiftly or simply. At no time has everyone agreed on a common goal or acceptable outcome to the debate. Some of the hearings presided over by John Dingell resemble *Monty Python* sketches—silly scientists, overly serious whistleblowers, hardhearted legislators—and might even be funny were the stakes not so high—millions in grants, tenuous careers, and Nobel reputations. Some of this hype and hysteria appears to have receded in the past year, but it would be difficult to decide whether this is due to journalistic boredom, political hiatus, a temporary truce, or a genuine shift to reasonableness on

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all sides.

In response to especially nasty fights over NIH investigating procedures (and dissatisfaction with the length and style of investigations), Congress recently changed the NIH Office of Scientific Integrity into the Office of Research Integrity (ORI), an independent entity reporting to the Secretary of Health and Human Services (thereby moving control of ethics investigations from NIH to its parent agency). The same legislation requires any entity (university or private laboratory) conducting biomedical or behavioral research for NIH under grant, contract, or cooperative agreement to develop procedures for investigating allegations of misconduct, to cooperate with ORI investigations, and to protect whistleblowers who make allegations in good faith. Fewer fireworks have surrounded National Science Foundation (NSF) efforts to address this issue. Perhaps this is because most high-profile cases have been in the biomedical sciences. But NSF also moved more adroitly in establishing its own internal policies and office for investigating allegations, in developing instructions for its grantees, and in promulgating a definition of misconduct.

Exhaustive discussion, especially at the university level, has centered on how to define "misconduct." NSF, for example, prohibits "fabrication, falsification, plagiarism, or other serious deviation from accepted practices in proposing, carrying out, or reporting results from activities funded by NSF [or] retaliation of any kind against a person who reported or provided information about suspected or alleged misconduct and who has not acted in bad faith." The definition applicable to HHS-funded research is being revised but (with the exception of the "whistleblower" protection clause) contains language similar to the NSF definition.

To label any conduct as violating "accepted practice" invites problems, of course, because it leaves open the question of who determines "acceptability"—which field, institution, group, or individual? What about interdisciplinary work—whose standards should apply then? The standards of all fields? Or only those of the field in which the investigator was trained? The answer will dictate who is involved in the investigation, will influence the type of evidence or witnesses sought, and will affect the comprehensiveness of investigation and fairness of outcome.

Working definitions of ethical practice also tend to change with time. As H.M. Paull in *Literary Ethics* (1928) observed, "It is commonplace in ethics that practices once deemed innocent became gradually to be regarded as crimes as civilization advances . . . the standard of morality changes with the ages." The assumptions and inferences one may appropriately draw from statistical data have continually changed during this century as measurement techniques have grown more precise. The mutability of scientific standards creates a dilemma when one must establish a standard in law. Precise definition would avoid undesirable subjectivity in investigation and adjudication but could fail to be sufficiently tough when science changes rapidly.

Many of the problems related to scientific communication—who should be listed as a coauthor, how much attention should be given to negative results—arise because standards for such behavior have always been implicit, unwritten. Electronic communication in science will pose additional problems, forcing journals to delineate more crisply the boundaries between responsible and irresponsible authorship, between ownership and theft of ideas. Policies and standards for every part of scientific publishing, from its managerial structure to its economics, rooted in print-era attitudes and relationships, will have to be reexamined.

Concepts like "truth" and "trust"—as scholars in every field can attest—reflect perception (or the interpretation of perception) as much as reality. Your "truth" may be my lie—and vice versa. For the public image of science in the United States, the perception has become reality. Scientific fraud represents a potential public relations disaster, especially when abuse of government funding appears to nonscientists like a blatant violation of political trust.

The irony of this controversy is that so little was necessary to avoid it. Those who faked and falsified did not need to do it—they were capable of conducting honest research and were generally already establishing successful careers. The falsifications or fabrications gained them relatively little in the short run and eventually cost them—and the rest of science—a great deal. Scientists also had ample warning of the burgeoning political distress and time to implement codes of appropriate conduct for laboratories, associations, institutions; to change a climate that applauded "science at any cost" and rewarded ambition and accomplishment rather than generosity and honesty; and to discuss ethical issues with graduate students.

The editors of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, when announcing in 1989 a new policy requiring coauthors to validate participation and responsibility, noted that the "small additional bother . . . is designed to protect all of us from the shadow that has fallen over the scientific and medical communities." This tentative call for looking beyond one's nose (or résumé) to the interest of all researchers and all society has been echoed even more forcefully by the new editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, who warns the "fame-and-fortune viper" who "creates data where there are none" that only trouble and disgrace will follow such deception. Until it becomes "fashionable" to care more about integrity and honesty in science than money and public image, however, research communities in all fields will not be free from the shadow of mistrust. ◁c

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Hell: Preview

by Paul Ramsey

The heart treasures its self-blame,
Its loneliness and regret,
And nurses its smudge pots
  sullenly,
Thinking that cold shall enter and
  overwrite.
But the end is not yet.

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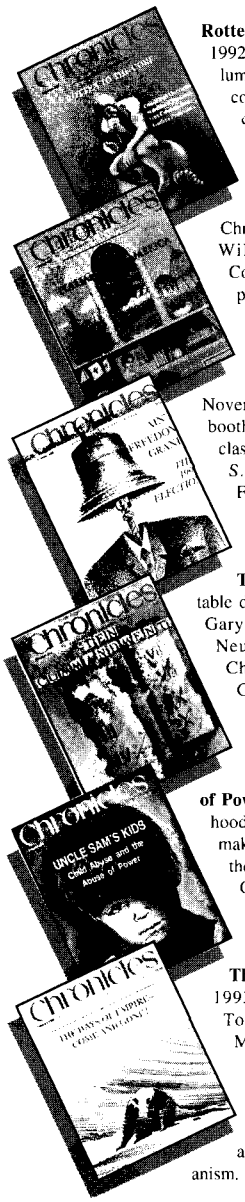
Great Topics, Great Issues



Rotten to the Core: American Colleges—September 1992—Thomas Fleming on literature and the curriculum debate, Robert Weissberg on the life of a campus conservative, and E. Christian Kopff on a true classical curriculum. Plus Laura Rogers' exposé of the Parents as Teachers program.

1492: Italians and America—October 1992—Christie Davies on blaming Columbus, E. Christian Kopff on Margaret Fuller in Rome, Chilton Williamson, Jr., on pseudoscholarship about Columbus, and Samuel Francis on *The Godfather* as political metaphor. Plus David R. Slavitt on Lorenzo Da Ponte and Thomas O. Jones on Columbus' descendants.

Ain't Freedom Grand: The 1992 Election—November 1992—Donald Warren on the empty voting booth, William J. Quirk on the unrepresented middle class, Thomas Fleming on the Electoral College, James S. Fishkin on deliberative polling, and Samuel Francis on the passivity of the electorate. Plus Theodore Pappas on Martin Luther King, Jr.'s early plagiarisms.

Ten Commandments—December 1992—A roundtable discussion on the Decalogue—by Thomas Molnar, Gary North, F.W. Brownlow, Allan Carlson, Jacob Neusner, Theodore Pappas, Murray Rothbard, E. Christian Kopff, Harold O.J. Brown, and George Garrett. Plus Philip Jenkins on the panic over priestly pedophilia and Sally Wright on Malcolm Muggeridge.

Uncle Sam's Kids: Child Abuse and the Abuse of Power—January 1993—Allan Carlson on the parenthood of the state, Thomas Fleming on the tragedy of making children common property, Philip Jenkins on the "Believe the Children" ideology, and William N. Grigg on a case of abuse in Lehi, Utah. Plus Samuel Francis's response to William Buckley's "In Search of Anti-Semitism."

The Days of Empire—Come and Gone?—February 1993—F.W. Brownlow on American imperialism, Tomislav Sunic on Europe's New Right, Mihajlo Mihajov on the future of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe, and Richard Vedder and Lowell Gallaway on the importance of the invisible hand in the post-Cold War era. Plus Thomas Fleming on what America can learn from Italy and Andrei Navrozov on the contagion of totalitarianism.

Art in the 90's: Visions and Values—March 1993—Alexandra York on Romantic Realism, Mary Elizabeth Podles and Leon J. Podles on politically incorrect cartoons, and Thomas Fleming on museums as warehouses of art. Plus Alan R. Turin on the unreported story of Hurricane Andrew and Robert Knight's encounter with Queer Nation.

Defining Culture—April 1993—Speeches on the tenth presentation of the Ingersoll Prizes: Edson I. Gaylord's "Observations After Ten Years," Muriel Spark on "Living With Culture," and Walter Burkert on the "Classics—Past Ideology and Persistent Reality." Plus John B. Thompson on Janet Reno, Jeffrey A. Tucker on Jack Kemp's mistaken identity, and an excerpt from Chilton Williamson's latest novel.

Who Owns America?—May 1993—Charles Lewis on the impact of foreign lobbyists in Washington, Pat Choate on Japan's influence on American trade, Arthur E. Rowse on the buying of American foreign policy, and Alfred E. Eckes on influence-peddling as an age-old art. Plus Bill Kauffman on who owned Hollywood in the 1930's and Russ Braley on the revolving door between government and journalism.

Bosnia, U.S.A.—June 1993—Garrett Hardin on the p's and q's of immigration, Peter Brimelow on whether America can survive an open-border policy, Claes G. Ryn on the Balkanization of American culture, and Paul Gottfried on the therapeutic politics of never saying no. Plus Momcilo Selic's "Letter From Serbia: Notes From the Front, Part I."

The Fundamental Things of Life: Pain, Knowledge, Duty, and Sex—July 1993—Patrick Reilly on the purpose of pain, George Watson on combating moral skepticism, and John Lofton on sex and the military. Plus Momcilo Selic's "Letter From Serbia: Notes From the Front, Part II."

Nationalism in Eastern Europe—August 1993—Thomas Fleming on his visit to Serbia and Bosnia, Tomislav Sunic on the myth of "Yugoslavia," Wayne Allensworth on Russia's new right, and Alexander Yanov on Vladimir Zhirinovsky and Russia's far-right opposition. Plus Philip Jenkins on the Croatian terrorist network and Chilton Williamson's review of George and Douglas Ball's *The Passionate Attachment.*

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Lizzie Borden's Mama Was No Writer

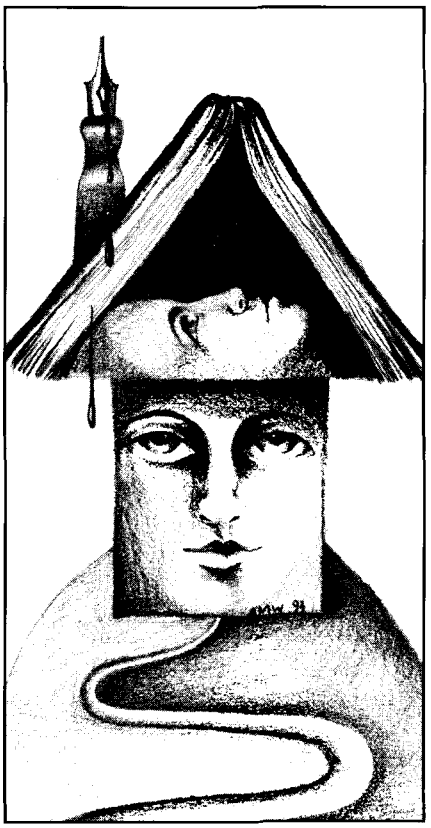
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"One hates an author that's all author."
—Lord Byron

The Ghost in the Little House: A Life of Rose Wilder Lane
by William Holtz
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 425 pp., $29.95

The line between the Old America and the New is closer than most of us think. A single generation separates not only the Western pioneer from the St. Louis suburbanite, it separates the New Woman from the Old. Rose Wilder Lane, child of westering parents, was born in a claim shanty in Dakota Territory and died two years after the U.S. Department of Defense sent her to Saigon to propagandize on behalf of the Great Society's War for Democracy in Southeast Asia. As the emancipated—or liberated, as we say today—cosmopolite daughter of an Ozark matron and farmwife, she was also an early divorcée concerned with the difficulties of a professional woman seeking to reconcile the duties of matrimony with the demands of a career, as well as a confirmed neurotic who had a lifelong love-hate relationship with her mother, was incapable of a sustained relationship with a member of the opposite sex, and finally repudiated nearly every close friend of either sex she ever made.

This unsympathetic and essentially uninteresting figure somehow provides William Holtz with a sympathetic subject, perhaps because he discovered that she offered him a theory to push. Mrs. Lane, a hack journalist, slick fiction writer, and third-rate novelist until her attentions were claimed by narrowly political enthusiasms, happened also to be the daughter of Laura Ingalls Wilder of far greater literary fame; and the irony is



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

that while Mr. Holtz's stated purpose is to rectify the imbalance between undeserved oblivion on the one hand and unearned celebrity on the other, the ghost in his biography overshadows its ostensible subject as much as he claims the presence of Mrs. Lane haunts the so-called Little House books of which her mother continues after 60 years to be recognized as the independent author. In this case the phantom has been conjured by sheer and obvious loathing, for Holtz's hatred of the older woman—caught apparently by contagion from the younger one—is undiluted by an equal measure of filial love, however tortured and confused. As an exorcist, Holtz is of no use at all: Mama Bess (as Laura was known to her family) rampages behind the wainscoting from the front of the book to the back—a domineering, ungenerous, grasping, sponging, parochial snob and philistine (as well as "a determined but amateurish writer to the end"), who withheld maternal affection from her only surviving child and whose "last gift" from beyond the grave was a probable diabetic condition in old age.

Since Mr. Holtz has produced a finely researched, beautifully written, and very readable biography, it is more the pity that he has done himself the disservice of grinding his axe in plain view of his public, and that public another disservice by prompting it to mistrust his judgment and suspend its own, pending a personal perusal of the evidence. If Mrs. Wilder's reputation as the untutored genius of Mansfield, Missouri—the literary Grandma Moses of the Ozarks—is, as William Holtz asserts it to be, a myth, then any but the most sentimental reader ought to be prepared and willing to acknowledge that claim: the nine books attributed to Laura Ingalls Wilder and published in her name stand like the Teton peaks from American literature, and their beauty and perfection cannot be diminished by discovery of authorial collaboration, which indeed might be taken for elegant proof that a horse may be a camel designed by a committee. If Rose Lane was in fact the ghost—"the spirit, vital principle"—behind her mother's work, well and good: let honor be given where honor is due. But why does Holtz appear to find even greater pleasure in taking with the left hand what he happily gives with the right?

What is merely of interest in Mr. Holtz's book is the literary detective work by which he seeks to prove his case; what is crucial is the mystery it implies regarding the nature and operation of literary genius. The facts, briefly stated, are as follows:

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Rose Lane, a born writer who plied her trade from her youth until almost the day of her death at the age of 81, was nevertheless prevented from distinguished literary accomplishment by her desire for fame and fortune and by a restless, impatient temperament that would not permit her to define a coherent artistic goal for herself and persevere toward it. After beginning her career as a woman's feature writer and reporter for the *San Francisco Bulletin* under its distinguished Progressive editor Fremont Older, she produced a pedestrian novel about a frustrated career woman before accepting an offer to work as a genteel propagandist for the Red Cross, filing stories from London at the end of the First World War and later from Georgia and Armenia that described the relief work the agency was accomplishing in distressed areas abroad. After returning from the incorporating Soviet Union and the Near East, she went to her parents' farm near Mansfield, Missouri, where the Wilders had eventually come to rest after failing in their youthful endeavor as pioneer farmers on the plains of Dakota Territory. Her father Almanzo was a taciturn man whose sole interests were good horses and careful agriculture, her mother a literate woman and former schoolteacher who for years had contemplated writing about her experiences as a pioneer girl in Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota. Since at least 1911 she had contributed short work to the Missouri farm journals, and by the 20's she felt encouraged—partly by her daughter's success as a writer—to try her hand at something larger. ("I intend to try to do some writing that will count," she had written her husband from San Francisco where in 1915 she visited Rose, "but I would not be driven by the work as she is for anything and I do not see how she can stand it.") Finally at the age of about 60 she began to commit her own recollections and memories, together with her father's stories, to paper, holding in mind the idea for a series of what she called "children's novels." Quite naturally, she submitted the early results for scrutiny to the only professional writer of her acquaintance, who "ran it through the typewriter" and afterward assisted her mother in placing the finished manuscript with a publisher, thus establishing a creative and editorial routine that persisted from *Little House in the Big Woods* through *These Happy Golden Years*; *The First Four Years* was published after the deaths of both women. Through her work on what she called her mother's "g--damn juvenile[s]," Rose—the prodigal daughter home from San Francisco, New York, Paris, and Vienna—became interested in Laura Wilder's pioneer material to the point that she finally reworked it into two "adult" novels of her own, *Let the Hurricane Roar* and *Free Land*, in the first of which the "fictional" protagonists bear the names of her maternal grandparents, the Charles and Caroline of her mother's books. (Thus, as Laura labored to fictionalize fact, Rose was busy factualizing fiction.)

Mrs. Wilder, having completed what Holtz alternately refers to as "fiction" and "her life story," quit writing by her late 70's in order, as she explained, to live the life that remained to her as a celebrated and relatively wealthy woman; while Rose Lane, after producing the best-selling *Free Land*, lost her inspiration for fiction and immersed herself in libertarian theory until her death in 1968—a mostly forgotten and marginalized figure, supported in the final decade by royalties from her mother's books. "Mama Bess," Holtz concludes, "collected both prestige and money, while Rose collected neither." Yet:

> Almost everything we admire about the Little House books—the pace and rhythm of the narrative line, the carefully nuanced flow of feeling, the muted drama of daily life—arc [sic] created by what Mama Bess called Rose's "fine touch," as shining fiction is made from her mother's tangle of fact. . . . *The First Four Years* [on which Rose did no work] represents a fair sample of her abilities, and even despite some editorial sprucing up by Roger MacBride [Rose's heir] it requires all the levitation and momentum afforded by the earlier books to justify its existence between covers.

What William Holtz does not even attempt to explain is why, if Rose Wilder Lane were capable of writing so brilliantly under the name of Laura Ingalls Wilder, she could not write equally well under her own. *Let the Hurricane Roar* and *Free Land* are wan restatements of her mother's work (in the case of the second novel, strongly peppered with polemical additives) unlikely to appeal either to children or to the sophisticated literary audience at which their author, contemptuous of the "g--damn juvenile[s]," aimed. Indeed, when one compares *Hurricane* with *The First Four Years*, a fair conclusion is that Mrs. Wilder's draft represents as strong an effort as the finished product of Mrs. Lane. And there remains the question of the competent artist's ability for self-evaluation: whoever it was who "really wrote" the Little House books must have known how well and truly she had written, yet Holtz offers no evidence that, for Rose Lane, the work was anything more than a colossal nuisance to be resented, as well as, in time, the source of substantial royalty checks that supported her parents without her help in their extreme old age. Typically, he presents Laura Wilder's pride of authorship as vanity, posturing, and dishonesty.

"To appreciate Rose Wilder Lane's contributions to her mother's books," Mr. Holtz insists, "one must simply read her mother's fair-copy manuscripts in comparison with the final published versions. What Rose accomplished was nothing less than a line-by-line rewriting of labored and underdeveloped narratives." As he proceeds to explain this rewrite job in greater detail, it is important to note the ingenuous use of key words, marked here by italics:

> From this manuscript Rose would retain the story line and many of the incidents, but *sometimes* little of her mother's original language, and that often retuned to render leaden lines more felicitous. She *rearranged* material freely to achieve foreshadowing and thematic clarity. She added *much* exposition, dialogue, and description, *often* inventing incidents as well. *She suppressed much that was tedious or irrelevant or inconsistent. At some point*, these myriad changes became formative and then transformational, and a struggling story came alive. . . . shining *fiction* is made from *her mother's tangle of fact*. . . . To give *some sense* of Rose's transformation of the manuscript, I have selected *a few pages* from the manuscript and the published text of *Little Town on the Prairie*. . . . These are *major instances* of what occurred in hundreds of *minor* ways as Rose wrought *aesthetic*

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and ideological order in her mother's manuscripts. "This kind of writing is called 'ghosting,' and no writer of my reputation does it," she had written. . . .

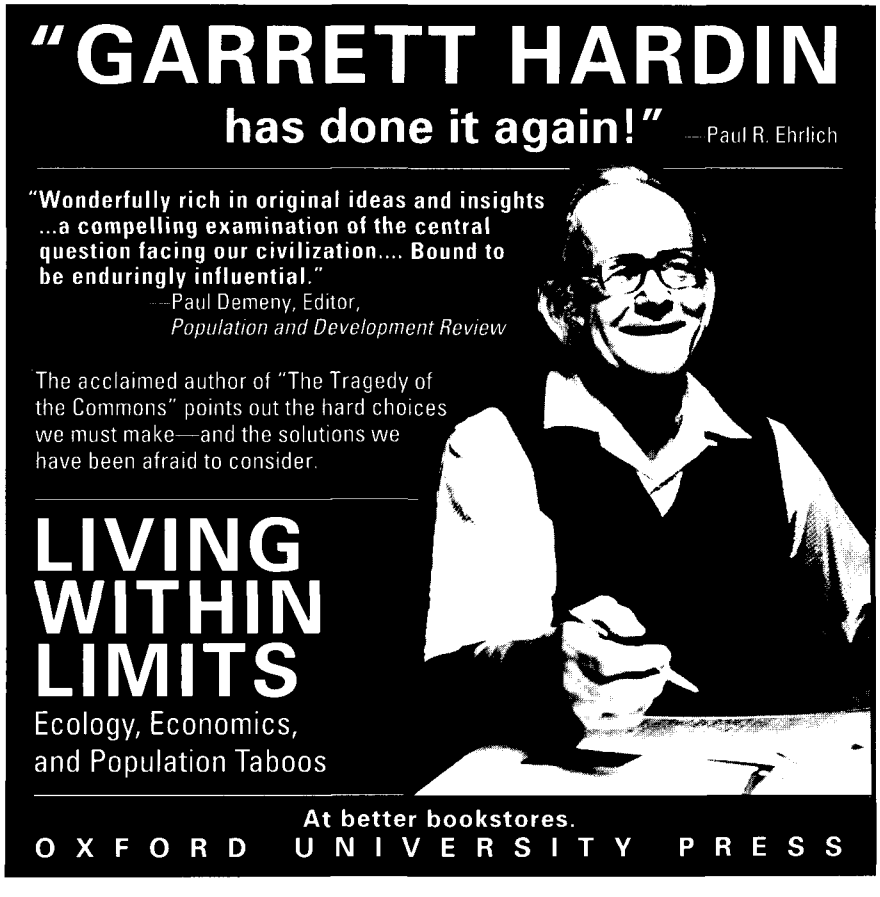
Actually, "this kind of writing" is *not* called ghosting; and one may well wonder what experience, if any, Professor Holtz has had as a manuscript editor. The improvements he describes, invented scenes aside, are in fact routine editorial work at all serious publishing houses, including what Holtz describes (in an astonished tone) as "moving whole chapters" around. By his editorial standards, Maxwell Perkins and Edward Aswell at Scribner's ghosted every novel published under Thomas Wolfe's name, and the name of Ezra Pound belongs with that of T.S. Eliot over *The Waste Land*. Clearly it would have been helpful, to Holtz's argument as to his readers' conclusions, had the author been more precisely quantitative in estimating *how many instances* of Rose's inventions and rewritten passages occur in Mrs. Wilder's books. What is "sometimes"? How often is "often"? And at what "point" do the books become at least as much Rose's work as Laura's? In his acknowledgments, William Holtz thanks Clair Willcox of the University of Missouri Press "for his skill in converting my manuscript into a book." Are we to infer that Mr. Willcox ghosted *The Ghost in the Little House*, and that Mr. Holtz is guilty of vanity and dishonesty in not having placed the name of his ghost on the title page of the book, equally prominent with his own?

Holtz never settles on a fixed meaning of the word "ghost," as with matching confusion he is unable finally to identify the Wilder books as either the children's "novels" he claims Mrs. Wilder intended or the straightened-out "tangle of fact" he adverts to in the passage quoted above. If one thing seems sure, it is that what he calls the "fictional Laura" of the Little House series is no more a fiction than the Mama Bess of Rose's diaries and letters and of Mr. Holtz's biography. Mr. Holtz's animus against Mrs. Wilder is astonishing, and derives, apparently, from his uncritical acceptance of Rose's anger and ambivalence toward her mother. Of course he should have known better. The world is full of women resentful of their mothers for their alleged lack of affection and perceived smugness, stodginess, snobbery, and other infuriating as well as—above all—embarrassing qualities; indeed the woman who loves-hates her mother is as much a stock figure of fun as the jealous husband or the doting mama's boy. Whether with or without her daughter's approval, Laura Wilder was an equal partner with her husband in the labor of making Rocky Ridge Farm a success and apparently served as a loyal and supportive wife for almost 64 years—a human achievement that Rose Lane never tried and actually scorned to equal. Holtz has included a single photograph of Laura Ingalls Wilder in his book, and—not I think coincidentally—it is by far the most unflattering I have ever seen of her, resembling as it does Lizzie Borden's stepmother. "She says she wants prestige rather than money," Rose reported of Laura. We have only her word for it; but even if that were true, what of it? Rose, by her own and her biographer's admission, wanted money—a far, far less healthy ambition for a writer, and one that kept her career from proceeding beyond triviality, however well rewarded at times.

Rose Wilder Lane died a heroine to American libertarians, who are wont to lionize her to this day, along with Isabel Paterson. It is hard to say why since, granted that she was an early and vociferous anti-New Dealer, she also became an apologist for the American Century and a staunch advocate of the Vietnam War. "My attachment to the U.S.A.," she wrote to Jasper Crane,

> is wholly, entirely, absolutely to The Revolution, the real world revolution, which men began here and which has—so to speak—a foothold on earth here. If reactionaries [her word for leftists] succeed in destroying the revolutionary structure of social and political human life here, I care no more about this continent than about any other. If I lived long enough I would find and join the revival of The Revolution wherever it might be in Africa or Asia or Europe, the Arctic or Antarctic. And let this country go with all the other regimes that collectivism has wrecked and eliminated since history began. So much for patriotism, mine.

Could Joshua Muravchik and the Menshevik *apparat* of global democrats have spoken any plainer?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History Is Catching Up

by Richard Lessner

"Education is the process of driving a set of prejudices down your throat."
—Martin H. Fischer

Why Johnny Can't Tell Right From Wrong: Moral Illiteracy and the Case for Character Education
by William Kilpatrick
New York: Simon & Schuster;
366 pp., $23.00

Inside American Education: The Decline, the Deception, the Dogmas
by Thomas Sowell
New York: The Free Press;
368 pp., $24.95

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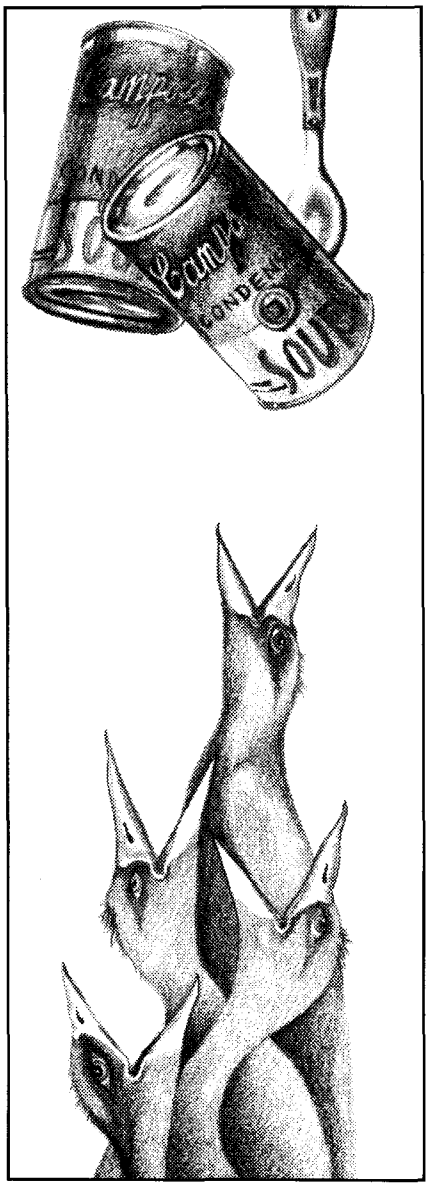
In March 1989, four young men in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, lured a retarded 17-year-old girl into a basement playroom, where they proceeded to rape her, penetrate her with a baseball bat and a broom handle, and generally brutalize her. These young rapists were not the products of modern urban pathologies—poverty, broken homes, dysfunctional families, the gang-and-drug underworld; they were the sons of affluence—handsome, clean-cut preppies, star athletes at their high school, from good homes in a pleasant, upscale suburb. Yet these fresh-faced young men, three of whom were eventually convicted of aggravated sexual assault, were apparently oblivious to the most rudimentary notions of right and wrong.

How could this be? Because most of the institutions of American society, the public schools notable among them, have abandoned such inconvenient, intolerant notions as objective standards of right and wrong, virtue and sin.

Here is everything that is important to know about the state of public education in America. Every month an estimated 525,000 assaults, shakedowns, and robberies occur in the nation's public schools. Annually, about three million crimes are committed on or near school grounds—16,000 per school day. Roughly 135,000 students carry guns to school daily, and one-fifth go armed with a weapon. Twenty-one percent of all secondary students do not use a bathroom during the school day for fear of being assaulted or robbed. In a survey taken at the end of the 1940's, teachers said that students talking out of turn in the classroom were their greatest pedagogical difficulty; by the 1990's, talking had been replaced by physical assaults by students.



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Such are the stygian depths to which our schools have sunk in fewer than three decades. Despite an avalanche of courses in "values clarification," moral and sex education, "AIDS avoidance," and "drug aversion," the public schools have been utterly unable to stem the rising tide of violence, teen pregnancy, and drug abuse. If anything, every one of these problems has grown worse and, in many cases, been exacerbated by the very palliatives allegedly aimed at ameliorating them.

Only the woolly-minded elites of the education establishment, the *apparatchiki* comfortably entrenched in the nation's universities and government school bureaucracy, continue to puzzle over the etiology of the malaise that has overtaken the schools and the larger society. To the rest of us, and to Professor William Kilpatrick of Boston College, the cause is hardly mysterious: Little Johnny, like those teenage rapists, simply can't tell right from wrong.

The title of Professor Kilpatrick's newest book consciously evokes Rudolf Flesch's 1955 work *Why Johnny Can't Read*. The parallels between what passes today for "moral education" and the government school establishment's continued espousal of the "look-say" method of reading over the objectively superior phonetics approach are as uncanny as they are intentional. Both "look-say" and the so-called "decision-making" approach to "values education" have been, by any standard of measurement, resounding failures. Yet such ideologically driven pedagogical theories persist and proliferate.

Why is it that Johnny can no longer tell right from wrong? Because in the revolutionary 1960's liberal educators succumbed to the philosophical drool-ings of Rousseau, Nietzsche, and other "naturalists," conflated these leavings with the affective pop-psychology of Carl Rogers and others, and replaced traditional "character education"—teaching children by means of historical examples and classical literature the essential character traits of the moral person—

Richard Lessner, formerly deputy editor of the editorial pages at the Arizona Republic, *has recently finished a historical novel.*

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with the "decision-making" or "moral reasoning" approach. This construct resulted in a "non-directive" method reminiscent of the Rogerian psychoanalytic school and was aimed at "empowering" the pupil to "discover" for himself what is "right" in any given moral situation. This represented, as Professor Kilpatrick notes, the transmogrification of education from a didactic exercise into psychology. Teaching became counseling, and learning, self-analysis.

The objective in the avant-garde approach was not to inculcate in the student those traditional and objective ideals of honesty, thrift, self-discipline, moral courage, and the like, and to encourage him to practice them until they became second nature, but to help the adolescent erect *ex nihilo* his own moral system, one that was "right" for him. Moral education, according to this approach, became an odyssey of self-discovery in which there were no fixed moral absolutes, only a universe of equally valid "choices." "Values clarification" stands as a prime example of the anti-intellectualism rampant today: the elevation of *feeling* over *thinking* in our heavily psychologized society, the supremacy of the subjective over the objective. To advocate the superiority of one moral value over another is seen to be judgmental—one of liberaldom's deadly sins—and a violation of the student's personal liberties, if not his civil rights.

The flaw here is self-evident to all but the willfully deluded educational ideologues: that a child with an undeveloped moral sense is capable of developing his own moral system, or exercising autonomous moral judgment, without first acquiring a framework, an edifice of values, within which to exercise such judgment. It is plain lunacy to present adolescents with bizarre and profound moral dilemmas—as does so much of the "values clarification" curriculum—and expect them to extrapolate a useful response on the basis of . . . what? A vacuum? Whether something "feels right"? It is sheer madness to present students with the kind of hypothetical moral conundrums that have stumped philosophers since Aristotle—would you have strangled baby Adolf in his crib if you knew what he would become?—which are thoroughly unrelated to the real moral choices they will face in their own lives, and expect such exercises to produce coherent "value systems" able to deal with real world choices. In truth, such curricula are aimed not at helping children cope with the real problems they will encounter, but at conditioning them to the idea that *Alles ist relativ*, that no objective standards of truth and morality exist.

This novel notion that children should be left to their own devices to engage in life's moral struggles, to "discover" their own standards of conduct without adult guidance or fixed standards of right and wrong, is probably unprecedented in human history. The ubiquity of such a theory in the government schools goes a considerable way toward explaining the condition of barbarism toward which American society is with increasing velocity careening. Ours is likely the first society in history that refuses to view education as the means of cultural conservation and transmission. The government schools—"public" school is a misnomer, as the schools belong not to the public, but to the government—have become one vast acultural shrink's couch. We are rearing generations of young people who "feel good about themselves" as they merrily do drugs, get pregnant, abort the products of conception, join gangs, punch teachers, and steal from their employers when they grow up and get jobs (when they're not on the public dole, of course).

Professor Kilpatrick urges parents to reclaim some lost territory for their children from the education professionals. I am not optimistic that they can do it. Four decades after the "look-say" reading method (as though English were a pictographic language like Japanese) was thoroughly discredited, it continues to be inflicted on students by teachers who themselves learned to read by that dubious approach, who are themselves barely literate, and who wouldn't know Molière from Madonna. The social-engineering elites never will, never can, admit that they have been wrong. To do so would be a defeat from which such social experimentation would never recover. The reason "look-say," sex and drug education, and values clarification never seem to produce the promised utopian results, the controlling elites insist, is because such programs have never been "fully funded." A little more money, a bigger government grab of the nation's wealth, and the failing programs, failing curricula, and failing schools at long last would succeed.

As Professor Kilpatrick points out, the popular culture does not suffer from the "non-directive," relativistic educationists' qualms about advocating a particular set of "values" as superior to all others. Since the schools leave children free to discover their own morality, they do—in rock music, MTV, movies, and all the rest of the sludge the "entertainment" industry spews forth. For children denied them in the schools, values are wherever else they find them, and increasingly that means in the popular culture. And so, while educators fret over how they can help students think for themselves and invent their own standards of morality while blithely ignoring the mounting evidence and social costs of their failure, the TV, music, and movie industries are happily doing the job of "values education."

Perhaps nothing is so suggestive of what is wrong with the government schools, notes the Hoover Institution's Thomas Sowell, as the results of a recent international study of 13-year-olds that found Koreans at the top and Americans at the bottom on the scale of mathematical accomplishment. When asked if they thought they were "good at mathematics," only 23 percent of Korean 13-year-olds answered affirmatively, compared with 68 percent of their American counterparts. Apparently "education-as-therapy" has been a success, at least on its own terms. American 13-year-olds "feel good" about themselves, while being unable to tell algebra from artichokes. Little Johnny not only is incapable of telling right from wrong, he also is incapable of *thinking*. We are, Professor Sowell notes, raising up generations of "confident incompetents."

Nevertheless, there is little that is new in Tom Sowell's screed directed at America's bankrupt educational system. His

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Sin's Lair

by Paul Ramsey

Sin frets the heart.
The loss increases pain
In clumsy fits and starts.
The loss remains,
Until a change of heart.

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work surveys the bleak landscape, observing the prominent landmarks since *A Nation At Risk* (1983), and before: an entrenched, monopolistic establishment feeding on a captive audience; incompetent teachers protected by the nation's most powerful union; university schools of education that are held in contempt by serious scholars and genuine intellectuals; politicized curricula; ideological brainwashing of students; an institutional fear of competition; the intrusion of nonacademic political propaganda; divisive multiculturalism; a pedagogical penchant for narcissistic psychobabble; etc., *ad nauseam*. Dr. Sowell hits his stride in the two-thirds of the book he devotes to the nation's colleges and universities, though here, too, he covers much of the ground previously plowed by others. Though Sowell offers a new and unusually trenchant economic analysis of the spiraling "costs" (i.e., spending) of American universities, for those familiar with previous critiques by Allan Bloom, William Bennett, Chester Finn, and Diane Ravitch of the appalling state of education in America, Professor Sowell's book stands as a complement to theirs, rather than a freestanding and original work.

One cannot come away from *Inside American Education* without the distinct impression that Professor Sowell believes the cause is lost. After 300 thoroughly demoralizing pages describing the truly dreadful condition of the nation's "public" schools and universities, he offers a halfhearted, half-page conclusion calling for "vast changes" of the sort that a dozen years of George and the Gipper failed to implement. The difficulty here is that such people as the esteemed Professor Sowell—people who recognize the scale of the mounting catastrophe—do not nowadays control the institutions threatened by it; when they did, they recoiled from revolution. And revolution is what is required, not incremental change at the margins. Yet tectonic change appears at this late date to be almost impossible, the decline in the American educational system being a symptom of the larger eclipse of American civilization. History does not provide a single example—not one—of a nation or empire that, having recognized the impending smashup, first slowed, then halted, and finally reversed its gadarene descent into historical oblivion. History is catching up to America.

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BRIEF MENTIONS

ART, FRAUD, AND MYSTERY
The Raphael Affair
by Iain Pears
New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 191 pp., $18.95

Jonathan Argyll, a 28-year-old doctoral student of art history from England, is arrested for vagrancy when found sleeping in the Church of Santa Barbara near the Campo dei Fiori in Rome. He tells his interrogators that masked beneath the paint of the church's altarpiece, a mediocre composition by 18th-century painter Carol Mantini, is a long-lost work by Raphael. The painting vanishes and reappears in London with Britain's foremost art dealer, Sir Edward Byrnes. The Raphael is unmasked with great pomp and fanfare and sold in the main sale room at Christie's--as the world's most expensive painting--to the Italian government. During a gala event at the National Gallery in Rome, the painting is burned by a vandal who knows that the much-touted "masterpiece" is actually a fake. Mysterious murders follow and set the stage for a thrilling denouement.

Iain Pears holds a doctorate in art history from Oxford, has been a consultant to the Getty Foundation, and is the author of *The Discovery of Painting* (Yale University Press). This book is the first in a series of forthcoming detective novels by Pears, and a better debut could hardly have been made: *The Raphael Affair* was short-listed for the British Crime Writers' Association Award.

The set-up is typical of the crime novel genre. The chief inspector is smug like Peter Wimsey, though without the wit and urbanity; he is cerebral, corpulent, and sedentary like Nero Wolfe; and he has a fond but acerbic relationship with his beautiful assistant Flavia di Stefano. What is refreshing in this case is that the inspector is neither the run-of-the-mill flatfoot nor the typical gumshoe; he's Generale Taddeo Bottando of the Italian National Art Theft Squad. Pears informs the reader in a preface that "there is an Italian art squad in a building in central Rome. However, I have arbitrarily shifted its affiliation from the carabinieri to the polizia, to underline that my account bears no relation to the original."

The pace of the plot and nature of the narrative are substantial enough to stand on their own, but overlapping these are entertaining if not always accurate generalizations: bold, slashing strokes of cultural criticism--of European culture in general and of Italian life in particular, which the author clearly loves--that have all the subtlety of Van Gogh at Auvers. The Swiss are "insufferable," with their "cleanliness, order and efficiency." In contrast to neighborhoods in Rome, London's are "unutterably dull," with "an atmosphere of respectability that made you think they were all tucked up in bed by nine-thirty with a glass of hot milk." The graduate student is "good-looking enough, in an English sort of way [though] not very well-dressed by Italian standards." A Frenchman swallows his pride and orders "a bottle of Montepulciano, which he considered one of the few Italian wines that might deservedly have been produced in his home country." And concerning Italian cuisine, "Like most Roman eating establishments, [the restaurant] served wonderful pasta, magnificent antipasti and dreadful main courses. Unlike Turin, which really knew what meat was, Romans seemed satisfied with any sort of boot leather."

Amid the plot, dialogue, and cultural polemics is also a trove of information about art forgeries and their detection--about craquelure, the hairline cracks that appear in old oil paintings; about how forgers emulate them, successfully and unsuccessfully; about spectrometers, electron microscopes, and alcohol solutions used in determining the authenticity of artworks. "An oil painting takes years to dry completely, sometimes half a century," a character explains. "There's no bigger giveaway than a Renaissance picture which is sticky. That, incidentally, is how Wacker, the Van Gogh forger, got caught in the 1930's."

The *Guardian* describes *The Raphael Affair* as "good clean art-scam fun. . . . Plot as layered as a forger's paint; Italophiles and gallery gazers will love it." It is all this, and more.

—*Theodore Pappas*

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Political Science

by Christine Haynes

Impure Science: Fraud, Compromise, and Political Influence in Scientific Research
by Robert Bell
New York: John Wiley & Sons; 301 pp., $22.95

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In December 1982, Dr. Jack Yoffa of Syracuse, New York, took Zomax, a painkiller, just before driving to the hospital for minor surgery. About halfway there, Yoffa began to itch and turn red. Within 60 seconds, he was unconscious. His car hit a guardrail, crossed a three-lane highway (narrowly missing several cars), knocked over a light pole, and landed in a ditch. Yoffa had experienced anaphylactoid shock, a not uncommon—yet often fatal—reaction to Zomax, which the drug's manufacturer, McNeil, had neglected to publicize despite numerous reports of similar responses among other users. While McNeil had managed to keep reports of several deaths associated with Zomax from the public, a local TV newscaster's March 1983 interview with Yoffa finally forced the company to withdraw the drug from the market.

Yoffa's story is perhaps the most disturbing of the many examples of scientific misconduct documented in Robert Bell's *Impure Science: Fraud, Compromise, and Political Influence in Scientific Research*. Yet even in cases where the consequences are not life-threatening, Bell, a professor of economics at Brooklyn College, makes it clear that "malfeasance and compromise subvert our scientific and technological base, thereby weakening the competitiveness of the economy in which we earn our living." Bell maintains that science, long treated as a "sacred cow," is really only as "pure" and unbiased as the "political machinery that dispenses its patronage and funding."

The events surrounding the marketing of Zomax provide a telling example of how the scientific process is corrupted by conflict of interest, which Bell defines thus: "when the scientist who is supposedly making an objective judgment stands to benefit or lose by that decision." In this case, the McNeil representatives charged with gathering information on the adverse effects of Zomax were also promoting the drug to doctors. Conflict of interest also occurs when scientists, funded by grants from corporations, conduct their research so as to help market or insure approval of a drug or medical device. Such ineffective and/or potentially dangerous products as amoxicillin, the sedative Versed, and the Bjork-Shiley convexo-concave heart valve were all promoted by scientists who should have known better. But the prime example of compromise in scientific research is the Pentagon, whose advisory Defense Science Board consists largely of top executives from the Pentagon's major contractors. In the Pentagon, conflict of interest is institutionalized to the point that negligence, secrecy, and downright deceit constitute a modus operandi. "Concurrency," the "practice of performing fundamental research and development while simultaneously mass producing the item being researched," is especially prevalent here (although it is also common in other areas of science like the pharmaceutical industry). The Apache helicopter, the Navy's A-12 Stealth plane, and the B1-B bomber were all victims—at taxpayer expense—of this approach to research and development.

Political influence results in similar abuse of public trust. Politics apparently played a role in the National Science Foundation's 1986 decision to locate its Earthquake Engineering Research Center *not* at the University of California-Berkeley, home to the top researchers in the field and the logical spot for such a facility, but rather at the State University of New York-Buffalo. Involved in this decision (although the NSF panel denied being pressured) was Buffalo Congressman Jack Kemp, who "made certain that the White House knew how important the project was to him," according to his press secretary. Political influence also figures in the multimillion (and even billion) dollar "super science" projects funded directly by Congress, which "are political science by definition, since Congress is constitutionally designed to respond to political pressure." Enterprises like the Space Shuttle, the Hubble Space Telescope, the Superconducting Supercollider, and the Strategic Defense Initiative are what Bell calls "casualties of patronage." The dubious Superconducting Supercollider, for instance, gathered 94 percent of its support from representatives of states submitting proposals for its construction and their neighbors. The pork barreling surrounding science projects means politicians blindly push for projects that subsequently balloon out of their control, moving quickly from what Ernest Fitzgerald (an Air Force cost cutter) calls the "too early to tell" stage of development to the "too late to stop" one.

As political pressure leads to questionable allocation of funds, pressure to publish or perish leads to questionable, if not fraudulent, research results. Perhaps the most publicized example of fraud in scientific research was the case of Dr. David Baltimore, a Nobel Prize-winner, who contributed to a paper based on faked data in the 1980's. The scientific community's reaction to this case—bombarding the media and Congress with calls to end the investigations of Baltimore—outrages Bell. Yet even more, he decries this same community's *silence* in other cases of compromise, political influence, and fraud. In fact, the *lack* of reaction to scientific miscon-

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duct is a secondary yet significant theme running throughout his book. Bell emphasizes again and again that silence equals guilt. As the hero of one of his case studies, an anthropologist who lost his NSF grant because of the rumors his rivals on the peer review panel circulated about him, reasons: "Ultimately. . . every scientist that individually and collectively fails to confront abuses and wrongdoing in the system is contributing to corruption in the system." Bell also champions the victimized whistleblowers in these cases, who are often denounced and even investigated themselves for bringing unfavorable attention to (and thus threatening the power of) universities and funding agencies. Margot O'Toole (who could not find work after she exposed the Baltimore scandal), Dr. Erdem Cantekin (whose superiors moved his office, erased data from his hard drive, and tried to revoke his tenure when he challenged a colleague's endorsement of amoxicillin), and Ernest Fitzgerald (who was fired by President Nixon from his job as an Air Force cost analyst for exposing the deficiencies of the C-5A Transport) illustrate that fraud frequently pays while whistleblowing does not.

By combining breadth (in the variety of cases he examines) and depth (in his analysis of each case), Bell provides an excellent overview—for the scientist and the layperson alike—of the causes and consequences of scientific misconduct. He thoroughly surveys the available evidence—court cases, government investigations and reports, testimony given under oath before congressional committees, documents requested through the Freedom of Information Act, and personal interviews, as well as the more usual newspaper and journal articles, books, and radio transcripts. His tone may be too alarmist for some, but his work nevertheless raises critical questions about the practices and ethics of the scientific community.

One of these questions is "Where Do We Go From Here?"—the title of Bell's concluding chapter. While Bell could have said more on the subject, he does address himself to three potential solutions. Self-regulation and bureaucratic oversight are obviously inefficient (the number and names of the committees, reports, and agencies that he cites throughout his book are enough to strike horror in the heart of any decentralist). Bell therefore proposes: one, separating funding and control in scientific research; two, requiring universities that receive federal research money to prevent or at least publicize conflicts of interest; and three, refining the Federal False Claims Act, which allows one to sue an individual or organization that has defrauded the government, to further protect the whistleblower from retaliation. He hopes that these remedies will force scientists "to live up to the strictures of the scientific method." Yet he neglects to mention perhaps the most essential ingredient to any plan to reform science: vigilant media coverage of the type of shenanigans *Impure Science* describes. For if misconduct is as rampant in the scientific community as Bell suggests, something more than a handful of new regulations is needed to shake up its patronage system. Indeed, the future of science may depend on similar exposés.

Christine Haynes is the editorial assistant at Chronicles.

Inescapable Horizons

by Mark C. Henrie

The Ethics of Authenticity
by Charles Taylor
Cambridge: Harvard University Press; 142 pp., $17.95

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Weighing in at more than 500 dense and provocative pages, Charles Taylor's *Sources of the Self* (Harvard, 1989) was clearly not intended for the general reader; at just over 100 pages, *The Ethics of Authenticity* is much more accessible. While not a fully "polished" work, this slim volume is so full of valuable insights I am tempted to say that reading it is a moral duty for contemporary Americans.

A practicing Roman Catholic, Taylor until recently taught political philosophy at Oxford and was perhaps best known for his writings on Hegel. Politically he is a man of the left who has run for Parliament in his native Canada as a candidate for the New Democrats, on economic issues significantly more radical than the American Democratic Party. Still, there are many points of contact between his thought and traditional conservative concerns; more than anyone else, conservatives should profit from an engagement with the ideas of this remarkable thinker.

Taylor begins by describing "three malaises" of modernity. First, the "modern freedom" won at the expense of "older moral horizons" and social hierarchies has led us to a disenchanted "individualism" characterized by a "centering on the self, which both flattens and narrows our lives, making them poorer in meaning, and less concerned with others." Second, the "primacy of instrumental reason," with no evaluative criteria beyond "maximum efficiency," has produced a technological civilization while destroying the language of moral ends, reducing human relations to the level of a commodity to be bought and sold, and generating a fear of impermanency in the face of revolutionary technological developments. From these two predicaments, a third, essentially political, malaise (foreseen by Tocqueville) follows: the loss of genuine freedom to the "soft despotism" of a bureaucratic state, as the liberated individual finds himself unable to maintain an identity against the grain of prevailing opinions and social forces.

Taylor's concerns are familiar to readers of Richard Weaver, Allan Bloom, and Alasdair MacIntyre. But Taylor poses a challenge that should startle us into reflection. Focusing on the problem of moral freedom, he believes that conservative critics are right to condemn the "trivialized and self-indulgent forms" of the "individualism of self-fulfillment" that are now so prevalent. He also believes, however, that these manifestations are not simply a matter of "moral laxity," which, as such, is a constant in human experience; rather, because they arise from the pursuit of a genuine "moral ideal," they are the historically novel expressions of the specifically modern notion of "authenticity."

Thus, Taylor observes, many people today feel compelled to "sacrifice their love relationships and the care of their children to pursue their careers," in order to be true to themselves. This situation presents a new challenge for moralists. Though Taylor believes that such choices are most often made in error, simply to condemn those who so choose is, he argues, ultimately a futile response.

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What is required instead is to ask *why* moderns so often choose poorly and *how* they might choose otherwise.

The purpose of this book is to call moderns back (or forward?) to what we might call an "authentic authenticity." Taylor proceeds by asking, "What are the conditions in human life of realizing [such] an ideal?" How is it that one is really true to himself? In answering this question, he focuses on the "dialogical" nature of human self-development. Taylor argues that we acquire our distinctive humanity only through language, for without language—the *logos*—we are mere animals. Language in turn is acquired through *others*. It is a moral fact, which we must respect, that there can be no human self without encounters with other *selves*. Man's nature is radically social. From such a perspective, we can begin to see why a "monological" notion of the self understood only as "disengaged rationality" is in error. Yet this monological, or Cartesian, view is most likely responsible for the widespread moral subjectivism we encounter today.

Elaborating on the implications of the dialogical self in a chapter titled "Inescapable Horizons," Taylor argues that any attempt to free the self from its dependence on conventional values (as the undergraduate slogan puts it, "all values are socially constructed") is ultimately self-defeating. If we deny the existence of moral "horizons," nothing can be in the "foreground," nothing can have moral importance or be a moral *ideal*. The attempt to escape a shared moral world by purely subjective choice therefore does not simply open up space for the idiosyncratic values which we (mis)take to be authentic for us, but rather *trivializes* all values into equal *in*-significance, defeating any moral purpose. Taylor writes,

> Self-choice as an ideal makes sense only because some *issues* are more significant than others. . . . Which issues are significant *I* do not determine. If I did, no issue would be significant. But then the very ideal of self-choosing *as a moral ideal* would be impossible . . . . Authenticity is not the enemy of demands that emanate beyond the self; it supposes such demands.

Contrary to the conventional wisdom, choice cannot be what "confers worth." The only place we can find our authentic selves is in our communities.

Taylor is perhaps most disappointing in his political prescriptions. At the end of the book he addresses the danger of Tocqueville's soft despotism, which he interprets primarily as social fragmentation brought about by a politics structured around, first, the adjudication of rights, and, second, pressures exerted by special interests. Taylor believes that "there is a great deal of truth" in the description of the twin powers of bureaucracy and the market as an "iron cage" that traps us helplessly in comfortable servility and disunity. But he ultimately rejects this implicitly revolutionary metaphor to encourage instead an organized *resistance* to or *struggle* against soft despotism.

In order to resist the iron cage, the "galloping hegemony of instrumental reason," Taylor suggests the need for "democratic will formation"—for empowerment by means of an experience of popular efficacy in a common moral project for a common good. His model is the environmental movement, where at least some people have come to feel a collective responsibility. But the language of democratic *will* is not the language of moral obligation, and it is odd to see Taylor effectively repair to Rousseau when he seeks a model of authentic political life. He seems on surer ground when he emphasizes alternatively the possibilities of a decentralized federalism (states' rights?), which seems to derive from the Catholic principle of subsidiarity. But here the unanswered question is how one defends such an arrangement against the imperatives of efficiency and

Ghosts

by George Garrett

Coming unannounced
indeed honestly uninvited
in dreams of course
but also in a stab
and shock like the sting
of irrepressible memory

my own dead and wounded
rise up from dark places
to strike me deaf and dumb
as any stone O fathers
and mothers moving amid twilight
stay now and be still

as you always were and are
in fading photographs
pray be smiling and kindly wait
be easy on us living and scarred
kinfolk who come to love and grief
too little and too late.

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equality, which at present override the pursuit of local goods. Taylor does not seem fully to recognize how far his principles lead him away from social democracy.

In *The Ethics of Authenticity*, Charles Taylor has sketched an intellectual and political program to save modernity from itself. He is convinced that the attempt is worthwhile. Those of us less certain that modernity is worth saving nevertheless have an obligation to enter into dialogue with so generous and sympathetic a critic.

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The Fascist Moment

by Glenn N. Schram

Modern Fascism: Liquidating the Judeo-Christian Worldview
by Gene Edward Veith, Jr.
St. Louis: Concordia Publishing House; 187 pp., $15.95

In an essay on Nietzsche written in 1947, Thomas Mann spoke of "the fascist epoch of the West" in which "we are living and, despite the military victory over fascism, shall continue to live for a long time." Gene Edward Veith, Jr., dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Concordia University of Wisconsin in Mequon, Wisconsin, agrees with Mann, for, in his opinion, there are a striking number of parallels between fascism and contemporary intellectual life.

The only definition of fascism Veith offers is that of the historian and philosopher Ernst Nolte, who sees it as "practical and violent resistance to transcendence." Simplifying slightly, we may say that by *transcendence* Nolte means man's experience of God. But this definition is as applicable to communism as it is to fascism, and Veith fails to distinguish adequately between the latter and other ways of thinking. Moreover, it is sometimes unclear whether Veith is talking about fascism as a whole or just German National Socialism.

Veith is especially concerned for the current intellectual movement known as postmodernism, with its relativism, its disparagement of humane values, its attempt to reduce all human creativity to questions of power relations, and its refusal to deal with questions of transcendence. On all these points postmodernism parallels fascism. Veith does not consider postmodernists to be fascists, but he fears that they may be paving the way for the accession to power of a fascist regime in the United States.

As a conservative Lutheran, Veith also sees parallels between contemporary theology and the German Christians, who sought to reconcile Christianity with National Socialism. He writes:

> Consider these recurring themes of modern theology: the relationship between culture and Christianity; a "this-worldly" focus versus "other-worldly" salvationism; subjective experience versus objective doctrine; Biblical criticism versus Biblical authority. The debates over these issues developed throughout the 19th century, as fascist ideology was also taking form. In each case the "modernist" positions on these issues were also the position taken by the *German Christian* movement: the privileging of culture, the politicization of the Gospel, the minimizing of doctrine, the criticism of Biblical authority.

Veith's book is valuable, but it would have been better if he had gone beyond the ideologies of fascism and contemporary intellectualism and looked at the underlying consciousness of those who espouse these beliefs. Had Veith done so, he would have had to come to terms with Eric Voegelin's work on gnosticism. For gnosticism pervaded the fascist and communist states, and it pervades contemporary Western society, including those parts whose views parallel fascism's. It is a more powerful concept than "fascism," for it shows what is at the base of fascism and also of much other modern thought.

Our problems are therefore greater than Veith realizes. Further evidence of this is the brief attention he pays to Thomas Mann's last great novel, *Doctor Faustus*. It is the tragedy of a man who can neither believe nor love, a composer who enters into a Faustian pact for the sake of his art. His philosophy and life are modeled on those of Nietzsche; his music on that of Arnold Schönberg.

Although Veith discusses Igor Stravinsky's ballet *The Rites of Spring* as a paradigm for fascism, he fails to mention Schönberg's transvaluation of musical values as a symbol of the same thing. In short, Veith does not press far enough in diagnosing the Western crisis, nor does he come right out and say that the only thing that can save the West from future totalitarian regimes is a renaissance of traditional religion among the intellectual elite.

Glenn N. Schram writes from Hammond, Indiana.

Sixteen Hundred Years

by Jacob Neusner

The Jews of Germany: A Historical Portrait
by Ruth Gay
New Haven and London: Yale University Press; 336 pp., $35.00

When a civilization nearly two millennia in the building comes to an end, common decency requires that the world take note of its passing. For if ordinary people, born only to die in much less than a century, deserve a proper burial, what obsequies are owing to a way of forming society and living life that took 20 centuries to shape but only a dozen years utterly to wipe out? In this elegant account, Ruth Gay has given the English language a worthy candidate for the epitaph for German Jewry—a great and beautiful book in words and pictures. Here closes a 2,000-year-old chapter of Western civilization, concluded in our own time.

Mrs. Gay's wit and wisdom, taste and judgment, have produced a volume rich in insight and beauty, and the only appropriate praise can be that her book is worthy of its subject and of the task she has taken for herself. What is at stake in her perspective comes to expression in Peter Gay's introduction: "To reduce German Jewish history to an unrelieved sequence of outrages is to slight the

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times of tranquility and the reality of Jewish achievement." From the beginnings of Jewish settlement in the Rhine, in Roman times, to the first Crusade, a period of 700 years, Jews in the German lands enjoyed a normal and ordinary life, within the context of normality that then prevailed. It was only with the mass killings at the time of the plague of 1348-1349, when Jews were blamed for the black death and whole communities were wiped out, that large numbers of German Jews fled to the tolerant pioneering territories of the East—Poland, for example. Mrs. Gay notes, "There were only nine Jewish settlements in Poland at the end of the 14th century; in the next century, 50 more were established. . . . German Jews were the dominant element and formed the basis of Jewish life in Eastern Europe for the next five centuries." Even from the Crusades through the black death and on to the theological anti-Semitism of Luther and the ideological anti-Semitism of Hitler, as Peter Gay notes, "Jews managed to build a sturdy culture in their German settlements, partly independent of their gentile neighbors, partly intertwined with them. Jewish learning, however isolated; Jewish prosperity, however precarious; Jewish public service, however limited; even Jewish participation in the wider society, all claim our attention. After all, even the language they developed—Yiddish—wrongly despised as a mere dialect and ridiculed as a debased version of German, was a remarkable venture in adaptation in its own right, with an impressive literature to its credit."

It is to that long and deeply human history of ordinary people living commonplace lives that Mrs. Gay devotes most of her pictures and gentle, factual narratives. With words, maps, but—especially—with illustrations of all kinds, she works her way through the long story, covering such topics as the origins and institutions of Jewish life; German Jewish history from the Middle Ages to the Court Jews; the return to history; the struggle for emancipation; the 50-year empire; and the end. What is fresh in her account is the balance—seven chapters of approximately equal length. Other books on the same subject, like holocaust museums bound between covers, set forth a perfunctory survey of everything down to the National Socialists, with attention given mostly to the rehearsal of the tragic denouement. Mrs. Gay defies the obsession with the holocaust that has captured American Jewish consciousness, insisting on the contrary that everything must be seen in perspective and with a certain balance. A great life that ends with cancer is not rightly captured by a brief résumé listing the deceased's jobs, followed by a day-to-day detailed reproduction of the doctor's medical records complete with blood counts and urine samples; Mrs. Gay dwells on each segment in a long history, according to them all proper appreciation.

Her chapters follow a simple pattern: narrative introduction interspersed with extensive illustrations, themselves fully explained; the book makes its impact both verbally and visually. Mrs. Gay not only narrates public and political history, but portrays the private and inner life of the people, their devotion to God, and their shaping of every day in response to the Torah. What happened in the world beyond takes place as if on a distant planet; the views of Israel at home remind us of the purpose of its shared, enduring community. Mrs. Gay's touch is so sure that anyone who wants to know what it has meant, and now means, to live the Judaic life will find here, in words and in pictures, as authentic an account of Judaism as a living religion as today exists in print. Theology, philosophy, learning, and mysticism—these take their rightful place in the narrative, alongside massacre, repression, and, ultimately, extermination. The final chapter—mercifully, if unstylishly, brief—is all the more depressing because by then we know the people. In these pages the holocaust happened to real people, whom Mrs. Gay has made us esteem: "When the counting stopped, it was clear that 170,000 German Jews had been killed in the camps. Sixteen hundred years of German Jewish history were over."

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LIBERAL ARTS

SPREADING SENSITIVITY

In Harrogate, Yorkshire (England), a children's choir so impressed musicians that they made a video recording of the group. It was brought to the government's attention that there were no black kids in the choir, and the video was withdrawn until this disgusting fault was remedied. In vain it was pointed out that there *are* no blacks in Harrogate. A few token blacks were then ferried up from London to mime on the recording.

—Louis B. Delpino

Thy Will Be Done

by Edward B. Anderson

The Children of Men
by P.D. James
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
241 pp., $22.00

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P.D. James has attracted notice for how well she is able, within the confines of her mystery novels, to write about contemporary British society. Reviewing *Devices and Desires* in the *New York Review of Books* some time ago, Hilary Mantel made the suggestion that it was perhaps time for James to "slide out of her handcuffs, kick off her concrete boots, and stride onto the territory of the mainstream novel." James had been getting this advice for some time, not least, one suspects, from herself. One might have thought that James would write her first serious novel by carrying on in the same vein as her earlier mys-

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teries, minus the bodies in the billiard room. Instead, the result of her first attempt is *The Children of Men*, for which James chooses as her scenario nothing less than the end of the human race. It is, however, the end of the race as only a writer long practiced at finding innovative ways of knocking people off could depict it.

The year is 2021, and Britain, like the world, is ending with a whimper rather than a bang, for in 1995 the last children were born to a humanity whose males have inexplicably become sterile. In the opening chapters, Theodore Faron, Oxford don and historian of the Victorian age, introduces us to this world by reminiscing in his journal, briefly summing up the intervening years. The 1990's were years of tribal warfare, *Völkerwanderung*, religious upheaval, lawlessness, and hedonism; the cataclysm was intensified in the next decades by the desperation and impotent rage of a dying species whose god—science—had failed it.

By 2021, though, things have settled down into a decidedly non-utopian, but mostly cozy, Britain. An aging race has increasingly less energy and motivation for war or violence, while managing to preserve certain 20th-century creature comforts. Early in the novel, James writes with simple grace, lulling us into Theo's Britain, a land in which we can picture ourselves peacefully living out our existence, both individually and as a people. With Britain gently depopulated, we find not a cluttered 1990's countryside, but rather one which is returning to a slightly wild rusticity that Tennyson or Byron might more easily recognize. Now the domain of staid ladies and gentlemen broadening their horizons, Oxford still stands, no longer the sole privilege of bureaucratic research institutes and saucy undergraduates. Humans being what they are, not all is well, but conditions seem acceptable. There is corruption, decay, and selective lawlessness (the pampered Omegas born in 1995 can literally get by with murder), but these things are not different in kind, or even necessarily in degree, from what we in the 1990's experience.

Overseen by Theo's cousin and boyhood friend, Xan Lyppiat, Britain's government is decidedly authoritarian. Yet Theo's world seems, if anything, a little more stable and free than our own, and with the help of James's well-crafted prose, we are made to feel satisfied with this. Britain has found what apparently is a dignified *via media* by which ladies and gentlemen can confront the close of history with composure: it is not hard to imagine the last tottering old man in Oxford closing a dusty volume of poetry in the Bodleian, drinking a last glass of claret, and drifting off into eternal sleep as the birds sing and the tendrils curl in an overgrown courtyard outside the windows.

More predictable dystopian novels convey a sense of foreboding from the beginning. Although the brainwashed, bought-off, drugged, or otherwise numbed masses are outwardly content, the reader knows better; he is revulsed at seeing humans losing their liberty, independence of thought, and humanity. Not so in this book. When James introduces a small group of would-be reformers and revolutionaries, they strike us as nuisances who are getting in the way of the Jane Austen novels, the drives in the country, and the bottles of vintage wine that must be consumed while there is still somebody around to consume them. We, like Theo, wonder why anyone would bother about politics, legal systems, or even religion in a peacefully dying world. But having thus seduced all but the more doctrinaire anti-statists, James hardens her prose as the revolutionaries make their case. By removing the comforting beauty of her earlier chapters she forces us to a more objective consideration of Xan's Britain, even as the reformers are revealed for the largely unheroic and unlikable people that they are.

In *The Children of Men* the utopian desires of the 20th century, barely altered, become the dystopian realities of the 21st. This is, of course, not a new device; James's twist is to provide no evidence that man has wrought his own destruction. It is as if man's will has been heeded by the world of spirit, as if a hand as invisible as that which deluged the earth in the days of Noah has reduced man not only to sterility of the flesh but to impotence of the soul, denying him even the Promethean satisfaction of self-annihilation. Thus the self-imposed sterility increasingly favored in the early 1990's gives way to the mysterious universal sterility of the late 1990's; the trend actually goes unnoticed at first, owing to man's desire not to reproduce himself. Theo writes in his journal: "Much of this I can trace to the early 1990's: . . . less and less in the West we made love and bred children. It seemed at the time a welcome development in a world grossly polluted by over-population. As a historian I see it as the beginning of the end."

James is one of those increasingly rare entities: an unpretentious, traditional, bread-and-butter Anglican. Theo impassively notes the insipidity of the Church of England, which in 2021 has a female "Christian Rationalist" as Archbishop of Canterbury, and concludes that, were infants still being born, she would surely ban their baptism as superstitious. He is not as sure that she would object to the growing practice of bringing kittens and dolls to church for christening. Though unconsciously drawn toward faith, and bearing the name of God, he remains a calm, detached agnostic who makes no leaps of faith on his own:

> On Wednesday he invariably attended the three o'clock service of Evensong in Magdalen Chapel. A small number of colleges with more than usually eccentric collegers or an obstinate determination to ignore reality still used their chapels for worship, some even reverting to the old Book of Common Prayer. But the choir at Magdalen was among the best regarded and Theo went to listen to the singing, not to take part in an archaic act of worship.

Hilary Mantel, in the above-mentioned review, suggested the difficulties that the more literate genre writers face: "Wherever P.D. James's books are discussed there is a tendency, on the one hand, to exaggerate her merits; on the other, to punish a genre writer who is getting above herself." P.D. James will likely be urged to return to the mystery genre by both her hardened "whodunit" fans and her more pretentious critics—the former because they want her to skip the boring stuff and cut to the drawing room denouement, the latter because she doesn't write like Graham Greene. One hopes that she can resist such pressures and devote a part of her remaining decades and all of her engaging assortment of literary talents to writing more novels like *The Children of Men*.

Edward B. Anderson is a physician at the Minot Air Force Base in North Dakota.

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Letter From the University of Pennsylvania

by Gregory P. Pavlik

On Buffalo and Bias

Sheldon Hackney, president of the University of Pennsylvania, was recently chosen to head the National Endowment for the Humanities. Dr. Hackney has been described by the *Chronicle of Higher Education* as something of a moderate with a passion for free expression. I won't rehash his credentials as a defender of free speech, except to say that he backed the public financing of Robert Mapplethorpe's homoerotic photo exhibition at the Institute for Contemporary Art at Penn in 1989. The president of the conservative National Association of Scholars, Stephen Balch, described Hackney as an "intelligent, open-minded man of integrity." With all this lavish praise, one can easily see how Dr. Hackney was so promptly confirmed.

But rhetoric and reality too frequently diverge, and Hackney's reputation for defending open expression is ill-deserved. Major national media attention has focused on the university's zealous prosecution of a young Jewish man for calling a group of black women "water buffalo." Although the charge of racial harassment was dropped by the women, the controversy lasted long enough to raise serious questions about the propriety of the university's "hate" speech code. This code has been flagrantly abused with some frequency, and has resulted in a climate of outright political intimidation. I speak now from personal experience, having been very nearly mauled by the Hackney administration for the high crime of insensitivity.

In the fall 1992 semester, two white students were placed under investigation by the university for racial harassment, a charge that can result in a range of repercussions, from a permanent mar on a student's transcript to expulsion. They had thrown water out of their dormitory window on a group of students performing a ritual "tapping" exercise for initiation into a senior honor society. Never mind that this rather noisy ceremony occurred after two o'clock in the morning, that the two white students claim that members of the honor society had thrown eggs at their building, that the initiates were blindfolded in violation of university policy and state law, or that these "honor" students let loose a stream of violent and anti-white epithets after the soaking: the honor society is called Onyx, meaning black.

Because there was no real evidence of racial ill will on the part of the white students, the university's acting Judicial Inquiry Officer, Catherine Schifter, pressed for a settlement. The two students were essentially coerced into signing an agreement that involved expulsion from their rooms, writing a letter of apology, and community service to avoid the kangaroo court that would have followed the investigation. Predictably, the Onyx Society faced no consequence, only appeasement.

As an editorial columnist at the school paper, the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, I suggested in an opinion piece that somewhere the idea of justice had been lost and that a gross double standard was at work, not only in the university, but in the country at large. I cited the case of the Onyx Society in particular, and expected an angry response from some (particularly after an administrator threatened my life if I chose to run the column). But I hoped to draw attention to the real issue of the rot that has settled within the university system in multiculturalism's wake.

Six days passed when I received a call from Dr. Schifter. She rather happily informed me that 31 charges of racial harassment had been filed against me. When I queried her as to why, her response was, "You need to ask?" I asked Dr. Schifter if I was protected by the university's "Open Expression Guidelines," which explicitly state that speech critical of the university is protected, and was told that this was to be determined as part of her investigation. It was then intimated to me that if I sat down with the entire bulk of students that had filed the charges against me and opened a dialogue, all would be forgiven. Try to envision 31 angry black students placing the blame of hundreds of years of white oppression on my head. I am sure that had I accepted this offer and eventually broken down in an admission of my insensitivity, I would have been railroaded straight through the campus court system: shot by my own confession, as it were.

Hackney did not live up to his reputation as a free-speech idealogue. Although he had full knowledge of the case, he nevertheless allowed an investigation to be launched against me, despite Penn's signed agreement with the newspaper stipulating that no judicial action will be taken against a student for anything written in the paper. The ordeal ended only when Alan Kors, a professor of intellectual history who serves on the NEH board, placed a personal call to Hackney. It seems that the prospect of a political spectacle was not on the Hackney agenda for the semester. Nevertheless, a month passed before I received written notice that I was not to be formally charged.

Apparently, the threat of permanently smearing my academic record was not enough for the militants in the campus black community. On April 15, they chose to seize and dispose of nearly all 14,200 copies of the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, in which my final column of the semester ran, from the distribution points on campus. In place of the newspapers was a note, claiming responsibility lay with the "Black Community," which was protesting the "blatant and voluntary perpetuation of institutional racism." A black student's remark to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* that day seems to reflect the attitude of the Hackney administration: "I really feel like I totally, absolutely agree with freedom of speech. But it's another thing when they're getting complaints from over a hundred people that they're feeling really harassed, and they don't do anything about it."

As is customary for campus minorities after committing a crime, the gaggle of thieves marched to Hackney's house with a list of demands, including the dismissal of a police officer who had the audacity to arrest one of the protesters. It seems the student, a black male, resisted and was poked with a police club. As it turns out, the young man is the great-grandson of Elijah Muhammad, founder of the Nation of Islam, a mili-

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tant black organization that describes whites as "devils" created as a curse upon the world by an embittered black scientist.

That evening Hackney came out and met with the student militants, and the following day he refused to condemn the minority students for their theft of the paper. His statement reads like an apology. Hackney lamented that "two important university values, diversity and open expression, seem to be in conflict." One wonders if Hackney regretted the conflict between the morals of normal Americans and the publicly-funded homosexual pornography in Mapplethorpe's photographic exhibit in his past defense of free expression. Perhaps he would have been quick to come to my defense if I had been receiving federal subsidies for my work.

As of this writing, the theft of the paper has been deemed a violation of the open expression policy of the university. This cerebral realization represents something of a milestone in university life. Perhaps some backlash will crystallize against the previously unstoppable juggernaut of university thought control. However, the security officer who arrested the young Muhammad has been suspended for detaining two of the protesting thieves. Penn's enforcers of the politically correct have apparently found another scapegoat on whom they can vent their bitter brand of sensitivity.

Gregory P. Pavlik is a senior at the University of Pennsylvania.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

This and That From Here and There

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It's been a while since my last roundup of regional news, so some of these items have a little age on them, but you probably missed them anyway, so they'll be news to you, right? An implicit theme (not implicit now that I've mentioned it, I guess) is that Southern culture is still kicking, even if in some respects it's on the skids.

Let's start with the fact that here in Chapel Hill we have a local band called—Southern Culture on the Skids. (Their best song is "Eight-Piece Box.") I ask you: Would anyone name a band, say, *New England* Culture on the Skids? I rest my case.

But not all of the musical news these days is, ah, upbeat. A recent marketing study, for instance, reveals that two-thirds of the country-music audience is now female. I have to say that we traditionalists suspected as much.

See, it used to be that country was a pretty masculine world. Most of the fans were male, and so were most of the singers, old boys who could tear your heart out with a sad song or make you grin with a lyric like "Her daddy calls her 'angel,' and her mama calls us three times a night." That was the era of great country titles, like "Because of the Cathouse I'm in the Doghouse with You," "Footprints on the Windshield Upside Down," and, of course, "Take Your Tongue Out of My Mouth (I'm Kissing You Goodbye)." Women singers were a minority, but there were plenty of them. Many of them knew their place and sang songs like "I Want to be a Cowboy's Sweetheart" or "Stand By Your Man," but there was always room for a spunky, take-no-crap gal like Loretta ("Don't Come Home A-Drinkin' With Lovin' on Your Mind") Lynn.

But it seems that now women have quit telling their husbands and boyfriends to change the station, and I think the advent of the music video has something to do with that. It's no accident that homely guys like George Jones, Johnny Paycheck, and Hank Williams Jr. are being replaced by studly hunks whose videos show their pecs. Ironically, this development hasn't been good for female singers. New women singers are coming along, and they'll have careers, but there are fewer Lorettas and Dollys and Tammys these days—Reba McEntire is about the only female superstar—and the megahits are from guys with names like Vince and Garth and Clint. (A friend of a friend recently moved from Siler City, North Carolina, to Nashville and changed his name to "Brick"—watch for him.) It's almost incidental that some of these boys can really sing: others can't, and it hasn't hurt them one bit. "Achy Breaky Heart" has a good beat and Lord knows you can dance to it, but *I* could sing it as well as Billy Ray does.

* * *

Speaking of music videos and Nashville, I find it almost touching that officials at David Lipscomb University in Music City banned MTV from television sets in dormitory lounges and the student center, objecting to both the noise level and the frequently suggestive content. Hard to believe, isn't it, that these good souls live in the same world and century as the Netherlanders who (Reuters informs us) recently wrote a report recommending special fire-safety regulations for brothels catering to sado-masochists. (I hadn't thought about it, but obviously it takes longer to escape from a burning building if you're handcuffed to a bedpost.)

Yes, our world is made up of many diverse and mutually uncomprehending communities. It always has been, of course, but these days they can't simply ignore each other. Forcing disparate cultures to *notice* one another is the great effect of the modern mass media. Communications gurus like to argue that the media are making us look more alike, too, but that's less clearly so. As a recent article on "territorial television" in the broadcasting trade magazine *Channels* shows, different folks watch different programs—and region is one of the differences that makes a difference. *Designing Women*, for instance, used to be one of the best shows on television (even if it did get a little preachy sometimes) and it's certainly one of the best ever set in the South (although that's not saying much). Southerners seemed to appreciate that: at its peak the program had ratings in Atlanta and Little Rock nearly half again as high as the national average. That's about the same regional bonus that *Newhart* and *Murder, She Wrote* enjoyed in Burlington, Vermont. Similarly, the relatively wholesome CBS miniseries *Lonesome Dove* was watched by 38 percent of all Houston households, but by only 19 percent of those in New York City (where it was outdrawn by *Full Exposure: The Sex Tapes Scandal*). *Miami Vice* got a bigger audience in, no surprise, Miami. And so forth.

This is nothing new. Twenty-odd years ago the Nielsen ratings showed only one program (the *Lucy Show*) in the top ten for both the South and the Northeast, and that was at a time when there were at most three channels for viewers to choose from. Now that cable

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delivers dozens of stations and folks can watch televangelists or pro wrestlers or soft porn or Spanish-language game shows *24 hours a day*, it seems to me that the effect of television is likely to be to allow regional groups, or any others for that matter, to become even more what they already are. Whether that's good or bad, of course, depends on what that is.

By the way, researching this subject the other evening, I came across a cable offering called *Glamorous Ladies of Wrestling*, or GLOW. I lingered long enough to see the terrorist Palestina, in fatigues and combat boots, treacherously biting the thigh of the California Doll, who sported not one but two Happy Faces, one on the butt of her *Flashdance* sweats, the other tatooed on her arm. Hands across the sea . . .

* * *

Anyway, the spirit of competition and free enterprise is alive and well down here. My buddy Hardy tells me there's a guy in Dothan, Alabama, who sells tires for 75 cents a pound, and if you can find them cheaper anywhere else he'll give you a goat. I heard a radio ad the other day for a Greensboro used-car dealer who bills himself as a "car-opractor." And my buddy Cliff has even come up with an entrepreneurial solution for the kudzu problem. He proposes to sell it as a pick-your-own crop to Yankee tourists, to put in their terrariums.

Southern women in business have sound values, too. A survey by a Chicago executive search firm found that more than 70 percent of female executives in the South oppose federally imposed parental-leave policies, roughly twice the level of opposition found in the East and West. Despite their manifest good sense, I'm sorry to say that Southern women executives seem to be playing catch-up. A Texas A&M study reported that only 48 percent of Southern male executives had "strongly favorable" attitudes toward women in business, compared to 57 percent in the East and 65 percent in the West. The Midwest trailed the South, though, with only 40 percent strongly favorable.

In other business news, the *Wall Street Journal* reports that Mexican marijuana growers have a "patron saint," Jesus Malverde, a philanthropic drug dealer hanged by the army in 1904. A prayer to him goes:

> Malverde, increase their cravings. If necessary, let the devils help me in this. Let not my healthy countrymen smoke it, at any rate, only the gringos who buy it. Malverde, you light up my path to make harvesting my destiny. You allow me to harvest the grass for the gringo and to make great bunches of silver coins.

(This translation sounds as if it is the work of the Standing Liturgical Commission of the Episcopal Church, but I am assured that it is not.)

According to North Carolina agriculture officials marijuana has long since surpassed tobacco as our state's number one cash crop, but my question is: How are our guys—good Protestant lads, for the most part—supposed to compete with this? President Clinton, are you listening?

* * *

Here in the Tar Heel State we also grow some collards, and a story in the Raleigh *News and Observer* suggests that some of our folks can eat them, too. It seems that Mr. Mort Hurst from Robersonville consumed seven and a half pounds at one sitting to retain his title as Collard-Eating King. Ole Mort is an eating fool. Earlier he had traveled to Alabama and set a record by inhaling 16 and a half double-decker Moon Pies in ten minutes. He shared the secrets of his success: one, three weeks before entering an eating contest he stops smoking; two, three or four days before the event he calls his friends so they can "brag on him" to the extent that he feels backed into a corner and just has to win; three, he listens to a record about himself called "The Legend of Ole Eating Mort Hurst"; and four, for the last day he just concentrates on being a big SOB and doesn't speak to anyone, including his wife and children. Incidentally, he doesn't like collards.

Which reminds me, for some reason, of a great country joke I heard a while back:

> Q: Why is my finger like a pie?
> A: Because it's got meringue on it.

(This requires some familiarity with East Tennessee accents.)

* * *

In political news, when the student newspaper at Lander College in Greenwood, South Carolina, asked a number of its readers who the college's next president should be, sophomore Lauri Clements said, "Jefferson Davis—he may be dead, but at least he's Southern." Alas, Lauri, that's no guarantee these days.

In fact, lately I've been taking a lot of flak from Yankee friends about the all-Dixie ticket that now reposes in the White House. That's not fair, of course. I mean, look, we tried to tell you guys about these people. Seriously, they're trouble. Any fool can see some of the bad news coming, but there may be even more. In a few years, for instance, we may have Bill Clinton to blame for an increase in the activity of racist hate groups. Consider this theory about why such activity decreased in the 1980's:

> By 1981 the tide had begun to turn [against racist groups]. For one thing, it had become perfectly clear that the KKK couldn't deliver on its promise to reverse the prevailing trend toward racial integration. For another, the new administration in Washington's stated aim of reviving America's pride and strength and restoring conservative social and cultural values tended to undermine whatever base of popular support the far right had begun to acquire.

Want to guess where that came from? How about from a report called *The Hate Movement Today*, by the Anti-Defamation League. I hope the ADL is wrong (honest)—but I wouldn't bet on it.

On the other hand, some unanticipated consequences of the Clinton presidency may not be all bad. For instance, a lit prof friend of mine thinks it means the end of postmodernism. I didn't follow her reasoning—something to do with words not meaning anything concrete during the Reagan-Bush nightmare—but if she's right, it might be worth it.

Come what may, though, you can't blame the South. Our states have 157 electoral votes and Bill and Al only got 47 of them, mostly from their friends and neighbors in Arkansas and Tennessee. So knock it off, OK? The next four years are *your* fault.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He was recently interviewed on NPR's Weekend Edition *on the subject of mint juleps.*

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Truth or Consequences

by Theodore Pappas

Redefining Plagiarism

A Trojan horse has passed through the gates of the academy, virtually unnoticed. The Sinon is Keith Miller, an assistant professor of English at Arizona State University and author of *Voice of Deliverance: The Language of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Its Sources* (1992), and the subversive offering is his essay in the January 20 issue of the *Chronicle of Higher Education*: "Redefining Plagiarism: Martin Luther King's Use of an Oral Tradition."

Considering the cowardliness and disingenuousness with which the scholarly community has greeted the revelations of King's literary thefts, this call for a kinder and gentler definition of plagiarism in light of King's chicanery is not surprising. Miller argues that King's plagiarisms should not be condemned but rather "understood" in context of the "black experience." Because King was black as well as a preacher, and because black preachers traditionally "voice merge" with one another by freely borrowing sermons without attribution, Miller concludes that King's plagiarisms must have derived from his inability to separate himself from this homiletic tradition and to comprehend the standards of an alien "white" culture—this even after 11 years of higher education, three academic degrees, and a Boston University seminar on plagiarism and scholarly standards.

Since many minorities come from cultures rich in oral traditions, Miller urges the academy to redefine plagiarism to accommodate these "excluded" groups. To put this more bluntly, all legal claims to original thought and the interpretation of ideas must now be nullified in deference to multiculturalism, cultural relativism, and universal human rights. Like the long list of taboos to have fallen before it, plagiarism must now be updated and redefined in accordance with social progress. For "the process of securing fundamental human rights," argues Miller, "such as those King championed—outweighs the right to the exclusive use of intellectual and literary property."

To Miller's chagrin, what's good for the goose is apparently not also good for the gander. As copyright expert Robert Cassler points out in the February 24 issue of the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, "Dr. King vigorously defended his copyright in 'I Have a Dream' when others wanted to use it. (See *King* v. *Mister Maestro, Inc.* . . . 1963)." This is doubly interesting when one recalls that King plagiarized the famous climax to the "I Have a Dream" speech from a 1952 address to the Republican National Convention by a little-known black preacher named Archibald Carey.

Miller is proud of where this revolution in standards will lead. "A lawyer asked me for advice in defending a Native American student charged with plagiarizing papers in law school," he states. "The student came from an oral culture, and could not immediately understand or obey the rules of written English. . . . King's example thus is not an isolated case." Indeed, Miller's call for a new conception of plagiarism should have little trouble gaining the support of both the ABA and the U.S. Student Association, as "voice merging" is a godsend to lawyer and plagiarist alike.

Miller's defense of King and his novel approach to plagiarism are both predictable. Polygamy, female circumcision, animal sacrifices, and witchcraft have all become acceptable so long as they are practices of preferred minorities, and if Mr. King seduced underage girls, then statutory rape must be redefined as mere erotic exuberance or as an assault on children's rights. Miller's sophistry and skewed logic produce just such absurdities. "Simply put," he writes, "we face a contradiction: We wish to lionize a man for his powerful language while decrying a major strategy that made his words resonate and persuade." Then for the howling non sequitur: "How could such a compelling leader commit what most people define as a writer's worst sin? The contradiction should prompt us to rethink our definition of plagiarism." And we should rethink drunk driving in light of Chappaquiddick and redefine adultery to accommodate King's philandering.

In better days the follies of our heroes did not move us to subvert the moral underpinnings of our culture. Great falls were lamented but expected of Fallen Man; they were the unavoidable acts in the tragedy of life, and the lessons they taught formed the grist of our greatest literature. But a rhetoric of accountability has little appeal today and pales before the lure of "diseases," "addictions," and novel theories of human behavior that conveniently exonerate us from responsibility for our actions. Marion Barry, when caught cavorting with drug dealers and smoking crack cocaine while mayor of D.C., didn't let down his constituency, make a mockery of political office, shirk his responsibilities, break laws, to say nothing of trivializing the real problems plaguing the black community. No, he simply had an addiction and needed a couple of months of counseling to build his self-esteem. Baseball star Wade Boggs, who blubbered on national television that he was "addicted to sex," didn't lie to his wife, neglect his children, and cheat his teammates and his fans by playing ball only halfheartedly when his wife rather than his mistress was watching from the stands; his "disease" did. And similarly with King. He didn't take the words of others, claim

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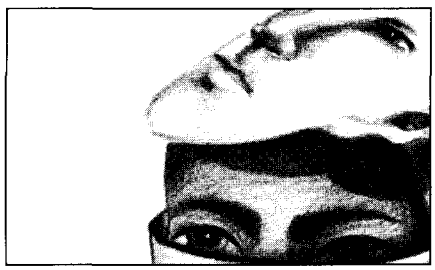
them as his own, and then go to court to protect his purloined property. No, he simply acted within a rich but little appreciated tradition to which the majority culture must learn to be sensitive.

Miller, it should be noted, is white, which is not an inconsequential fact. For it is whites who have led the fight to palliate King's plagiarisms and who have given new meaning to the term "whitewash." It is the moguls of the majority culture in both the academy and the press who continue to praise Clayborne Carson of the King Papers Project for his "honesty" and "integrity," even though Carson learned about King's thefts in 1987 and admittedly lied about the evidence (while accepting public funds as an editor) for three years thereafter. Miller, in his book, even floats the absurdity that plagiarizing was perhaps King's greatest gift to the country, for without stealing the words of white scholars and preachers for his articles and speeches, King could never have sold whites on the civil rights movement.



Jon Westling, John Silber, and Peter Wood of Boston University, as well as all but one member of the committee that B.U. convened to examine King's thesis, are also white. As the committee concluded in its September 1991 report, because King plagiarized only 45 percent of the first half of his dissertation and only 21 percent of the second, the thesis remains a legitimate and "intelligent contribution to scholarship" about which "no thought should be given to the revocation of Dr. King's doctoral degree." Funny, B.U. would give "no thought" to revoking King's fraudulently earned doctorate, but when its own dean of the Boston University College of Communication, H. Joachim Maitre, stole numerous paragraphs from an essay by film critic Michael Medved for his May 1991 commencement address—a mere case of "voice merging"—it demoted him to the ranks. S. Paul Schilling, who was the second reader of King's dissertation, states in a letter B.U. reproduces in its report that "it should be recognized that [King's] appropriation of the language of others does not entail inaccurate interpretation of the thought of writers cited"—as if King deserves praise for stealing accurately—and notes that King was "operating on a very crowded schedule during most of the work on his dissertation"—as if theft is excusable if one is busy and in a hurry.

These embarrassing exonerations and rationalizations of King's plagiarisms are more damaging to blacks than if B.U. had revoked King's doctorate. For by excusing King's pilferings—and in Miller's case, by excusing them as "a black thing"—King's apologists are telling black scholars everywhere that they shouldn't bother doing their own work, or worse, that no black can really pull his own weight, write his own papers, or actually become a professional like white people can. When Miller argues that the accomplishments of blacks should be held to different and clearly less-demanding standards, that they should be discounted in light of the "black oral tradition," he takes a backhand to every black scholar honestly pursuing his craft.

Put simply, these specious attempts to exonerate King are primarily "a white thing," not a black. This is hardly surprising. They appear, in fact, strikingly similar to many other acts of penitence—such as affirmative action, quotas, and the race-norming of government exams—that a guilt-ridden white community has felt duty-bound to perform in expiation of racial sins, both real and imagined. But if they waft of something new, of something characteristic of our more "sensitive" and enlightened present, they just as surely smack of something very old, something redolent of the very age we have tried to exorcise and discredit. For these spurious rationalizations of King's wrongdoings are nothing if not also a manifestation of what Kipling termed the "white man's burden," of that pernicious form of paternalism that breeds lies and deceptions and that oppresses the very people intended to be uplifted.

This "whitewash" of King's actions has many antecedents. It was the white media that appointed Jesse Jackson over Ralph Abernathy to succeed King at the head of the civil rights movement. They were the ones who publicized Jackson's lies about cradling the dying King, who published the photographs of the bogus bloody shirt, and who since then have buried all mention of this particular act of crass opportunism for which King's closest followers never forgave Jackson. Philip Nobile, whose exposé in the February 23 issue of the *Village Voice* revealed the extent to which Alex Haley plagiarized and fabricated his "autobiography" *Roots*, reminds us that it was an all-white, 17-man jury that awarded Haley the Pulitzer Prize for his stolen work of fiction. (Haley paid a $650,000 settlement in an unpublicized plagiarism suit shortly before he died.) "If we blew the Haley prize, as we apparently did, I feel bad," William McGill—former president of Columbia University and an *ex officio* presence on the 1977 Pulitzer Prize board—told Nobile. "The answer to that question [whether race affected the board's decision] is yes. . . . We all labored under the delusion that sudden expressions of love could make up for historical mistakes. . . . Of course, that's inverse racism."

Hustlers and hucksters like Malcolm X—"hustler" being Malcolm's description of himself in his "autobiography," written by Alex Haley—and the Reverend Al Sharpton, who still claims Tawana Brawley was molested by white racists, are also largely the creation of the white media. As is the infamous film on World War II by Nina Rosenblum and William Miles called *The Liberators*, which purports that the "true" liberator of Hitler's most notorious concentration camps was an all-black unit of the U.S. Army. PBS televised the film nationally and hailed it as an invaluable look at a shamefully neglected aspect of world history; Hollywood plugged it as the "best documentary of the year" and quickly nominated it for an Academy Award; and yet the film has been quietly pulled from circulation, as even black veterans from the very unit supposedly responsible for the liberations have denounced it as balderdash and blatant propaganda.

Nietzsche believed "one may sometimes tell a lie, but the grimace with which one accompanies it tells the truth." If our culture's infatuation with lies is any indication, Nietzsche clearly underestimated the modern mastery of the straight face.

Theodore Pappas is the managing editor of Chronicles *and editor of the forthcoming* Martin Luther King, Jr., Plagiarism Story, *from which this article is taken.*

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Fake Art

by Ingrid D. Rowland

The problem of forged art, always a complicated one, has been made immeasurably more complicated in this century because of two factors. One, the appreciation of tribal art in its many varieties has coincided with the gradual disappearance of tribal living worldwide; thus some of the most vexing problems of authenticity in the art world today beset the market in African ceremonial art, where demand outstrips supply at an ever-increasing rate. Similarly, the phenomenal growth of science as a global discipline has spurred a global interest in archaeology and ancient artifacts, their reserves at least as limited as those of tribal artists. Many of the tribal artists, after all, are still alive and able to produce. Ancient civilizations, like old masters, no longer have that option.

Aside from the obvious economic issue of value for money, forged art is problematic because art itself, the world over, has had so intimate a connection with the spiritual component of human nature: a Greek *kouros*, an African mask, a Raphael Madonna, and a Haida totem pole all speak in their disparate ways primarily about communion between this world and another. To interrupt such a communion, or to ape it for material gain, sits hard with our humanity. People have been turned into pillars of salt for lesser offenses than these.

Because of this lingering association with spiritual missions betrayed, the forger of art differs from the purveyor of snake oil in ministering falsely to an elusive psychic need rather than to a physical ailment. The damage incurred by taking in the phony goods may therefore be less tangible, but our palpable need as human beings for art—think of the profound effects wrought upon practical America by the Vietnam Veterans Memorial—suggests that forged art might still be significantly invidious. This is why, presumably, we make it a crime.

On the other hand, forgery has also occurred for a variety of reasons over the millennia—not always, that is, with P.T. Barnum's intent to fulfill the destiny of suckers by means of spectacular sham. Born as they are of misdirected "higher" impulses, the motives for the forgery of art have on occasion been exemplary. They have also been shortsighted, waggish, bigoted, and base. A brief panoramic exhibit of these motivations, in the spirit of the divine Barnum, may help to demonstrate what I mean.

In Phidias' workshop, in Renaissance artists' studios, and in modern architects' offices, the right of authorship for designs executed by master and workshop alike belongs in principle to the master (that is, the head of the firm) and not to the association's individual members. The painting of a courtesan in the Barberini Gallery in Rome (the so-called "Fornarina") has been taken by many viewers as an authentic work of Raphael because the naked sitter wears an armband signed with Raphael's name. The work's clumsy draftsmanship leaves other viewers with lingering doubts that so accomplished an artist would ever have put his name to that amorphous lap and that awkwardly splayed, pudgy right hand. However, even if the painting is not actually from the hand of Raphael, the signed armband might mark it appropriately as a legitimate product of his workshop. Rather than a portrait of his beloved, then, the painting could be one of the many courtesan portraits ascribed to Raphael by his biographer Giorgio Vasari, in which case the signature would serve as an over-insistent protestation of authenticity for a commission of secondary importance assigned to an assistant. What separates a "Fornarina" from a forgery is the contract binding the artist's assistant to the artist's workshop, the concept of "work for hire," which still governs the administration of copyright law.

Anselmo Spannocchi, a banker of Siena, wished to give Lorenzo de Medici a special present in 1472, for in that year Lorenzo had helped tame the political climate between the quarreling rival cities of Florence and Siena—thus making the world safe for Spannocchi's business interests. What could a private citizen possibly give a public figure like Lorenzo? The clever Anselmo settled on an Etruscan urn, to remind the Florentine magnate of their common tie to the land of Tuscany and their presumptive shared descent from its ancient people. Etruscan urns had been emerging from Tuscan soil for centuries, inscribed in a backward-facing alphabet whose interpretation was an utter mystery until the 1490's. And thus it was that Anselmo Spannocchi presented Lorenzo instead with an "Etruscan" urn labeled in Latin, in Latin poetry no less, and due to this Latin inscription Lorenzo was able to appreciate the fact that his new urn contained the ashes of the most famous Etruscan of them all, Lars Porsenna, a warlord who assailed the Romans in the late fifth century B.C. and, according to at least one Roman historian and nearly all modern scholars, conquered the city.

Did Lorenzo know that the urn of Porsenna was a forgery? He had a private museum filled with genuine Etruscan artifacts and the perceptive eye to know good contemporary art from bad. If pressed, he would certainly have admitted his doubts. Yet an excessive display of such pedantic knowledge would not only have spoiled his enjoyment of Anselmo Spannocchi's present, it would have destroyed the intricate symbolism of the gift. Anselmo was giving him not so much a falsified Etruscan urn as an improved Etruscan urn, improved by its exalted contents, the mortal remains of noble Porsenna, and by the legibility of its Latin inscription, by which everyone would know Porsenna's urn for what it was. Forgeries are very often of this sort, deceptions in the way that fiction is deceptive, tellers, to use Donald Spence's felicitous phrase, of "narrative truth" at the expense of historical truth.

In the mid-1980's, dredging work began on a drainage canal that flows through the outskirts of the Italian port of Livorno. This channel passes temptingly close to the site of the former studio of Livorno's great local artist, Amedeo Modigliani, back in the days before he joined the throngs of expatriate modernists in Paris. Could the venerable ditch, like an archaeological excavation, somehow have preserved some offscouring of Modigliani's work as a sculptor, a tangible trace of the brilliant career that was yet to be?

Shortly after this lovely possibility was bruited about by the good citizens of Livorno, a series of partially carved stone heads was raised from the channel's muddy waters. Rapturous critics praised their stark modernity, their blend of primitive vigor and sophisticated composition. Art critics around the country staked their reputations on their ability to discern, on these mud-spawned carvings, the fine young hand of Modigliani himself. Even when four local boys confessed that they, and not the great Amedeo, were the real sculptors, and that they had worked only yesterday rather than three-quarters of a century

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earlier, the art world flatly refused to believe it. In the first place, the boys claimed to have produced the stone heads with a standard hammer and a screwdriver, hardly appropriate sculptor's equipment. How, moreover, could they, in the late 1980's, have the aesthetic insight to emulate the style of early modernism with such rich sensitivity? For, looming insurmountably, there was the matter of the works' indisputable artistic quality, authenticated many times over by expert professional opinion.

In the end, the boys proved their authorship by an odd combination of the medieval trial-by-ordeal and the all-American *People's Court*. Asked to produce a new Modigliani on national television, using their same nonstandard equipment, they were promised the gift of credibility if they succeeded. In 11 minutes flat, they made their Modigliani and, in so doing, caused several art critics to lose their jobs.

Triumphant as forgers, however, the four boys from Livorno now became a nice juridical problem. In a certain sense, of course, they had falsified Modigliani sculptures, at least until they clamored for recognition in their own right. In an even more real sense, and this, indeed, is the charm of the tale, they were highly successful social critics. Throughout the whole incident, they never pretended to be anything but four boys from Livorno. It was the critics who had made the screwdriver-carved heads into Great Art, and it was up to the critics to decide, knowing how these heads had originated, whether the boys, by virtue of having produced Great Art, were or were not Great Artists. The critics, several of them suddenly jobless and all of them publicly exposed as chumps in the homeland of *bella figura*, were unwilling to go that far. They had played all too clearly into the widespread popular suspicion that an average wag with a couple of household tools could indeed produce passable modern art so long as a critic were present to perform a rite of consecration. It was not a good moment for the reputation of modern art or of modern art criticism.

In this country, in a different language, and endowed with a set of egos structured somewhat differently, the four boys from Livorno might have styled themselves "performance artists who deal with issues of authenticity." And by this simple expedient they might have gained legitimate inclusion among the company of artists to which Modigliani himself belonged. As it happened, the boys had more modest aims; their flicker of televised fame assured, they took up their tools and went home to their bemused mammas.

The story of the four boys from Livorno shows vividly how shifty a border divides forgery from practical jokes. An even finer line may need to be drawn between forgery as imitation and forgery as parody. The Piltdown man, discovered in 1908, was an early hominid whose remains emerged from a Sussex gravel bed just when the science of physical anthropology had entered a period of fervid activity. He was finally exposed as fake in 1950. The salient elements of the Piltdown hoax were a human skull, a monkey jaw, and a large artifact shaped like a cricket bat, each designed with diabolical wit to further a particular theory of human evolution. The apelike jaw taken in conjunction with the humanoid head suggested to scientists that development of the brain must have been the crucial element in making humanity fully human. (We have since determined that the course of our ontogeny proceeded the other way around.) The cricket bat, its identification contingent upon the Piltdown Man's full exposure, poses a more ambiguous question. Was it intended to prove that the first impulses toward civilization necessarily emerged from English man, or only that English man was the proverbial missing link? In any case, it was a deliciously nasty touch.

Forged texts have long been the stuff of political maneuvering. The faked donations of Constantine to the papacy served as the precedent for the Pope's temporal powers throughout the Middle Ages, until their unmasking by Lorenzo Valla in 1424. Earlier in the present century, Nazi anti-Semitism was whipped up by the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, a vicious pseudo-Jewish tract that still circulates in parts of Europe. Forged art has also played a role in politics, especially false archaeology, a science already at work, as we now know, in ancient Rome. Archaeology has routinely served the cause of nationalism; so, too, has archaeological fakery. In 20th-century Rome, Benito Mussolini's excavations of ancient ruins beneath the city streets have been routinely "enhanced" by the addition of columns and marble blocks imported from the Roman site of Ostia, not distant, to be sure, but not Rome either. In like fashion, the Hephaestion in the Agora of Athens has been reconstructed in part with column drums borrowed from the nearby, and ruinous, temple of Ares. These reconstructions differ in intent and meaning from the concrete additions to the Minoan palace at Knossos on Crete because they have knowingly used archaeological material that originated elsewhere with the intent to pass it off as something else. Knossos, on the other hand, has used modern materials to imitate ancient structures, a procedure problematic in itself, but not one that introduces conscious duplicity.

Alceo Dossena was a quite competent ancient artist whose fate it was to live in the modern world (a man of exceptional versatility, he also dabbled in pseudo-Renaissance sculpture). Industrial society has dealt brutally with traditional artists by offering them a Pandora's box of manufactured consumer treats and a professional philosophy of obsessive innovation, all the while gradually robbing them of the social milieu that nurtured their art in the first place. The two common expressive alternatives afforded such folk by the modern global village are sentimental kitsch or self-conscious eclecticism: tourist art or theory-laden revivals. Dossena's original intention as an artist was modest in the extreme: to work without fuss in styles congenial to him. Eventually, however, he recognized that if he passed his creations off as those of long-dead artists from archaic Greece, ancient Etruria, or Renaissance Florence, he would see his work praised as pure genius rather than limp eclecticism. When Donatello and Michelangelo each pulled this same stunt at opposite ends of the 15th century, passing off their own works as works of the ancients, their reputations for artistry survived their exposure as living—and their creations' concomitant exposure as contemporary. Dossena's craftsmanship has begun to receive similarly sympathetic treatment.

The career of Alceo Dossena illustrates why it is that forged art lurks as a continuing specter in our museums and our auction houses, in private collections and public monuments, leading us to mistrust the eyes that delight in its perfidious beauty and the mind that spins reveries about its meretricious core. Forgeries link a bygone world with a current sense of aesthetics, just as the miniature statues of the Venus de Milo sold in

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the Roman Forum mimic the sylph's body and heavy breasts of Barbie rather than the broad hips and moderate cleavage of the original sculpture. Forgeries have frequently appealed to us because they are more attractive than reality, and they are exposed as false only when our sense of beauty has altered enough to make their appearance jar. For many years, beginning in 1933, two Etruscan terra-cotta warriors graced the entrance to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Because they were designed as pastiches of elements borrowed from both Greek and Etruscan art, their relatively Hellenized form seemed supremely beautiful, as stunning an improvement over what had previously been known of Etruscan work as the same museum's genuine Euphronios crater (illegally ripped, it must be said, from an Etruscan tomb) would be for a later generation's knowledge of that painter's skill. The terra-cotta warriors are now amusing rather than beautiful, their author, Alfredo Adolfo Fioravanti, joining the ranks of Alceo Dossena as a testament to the vibrant tradition of Italian artistic forgery. What we have lost in losing them is the force of the fantasy they once compelled; their exposure represents the gain we have made by coming to appreciate Etruscan art on its own terms rather than the terms we have imposed upon it. Time is the most reliable revealer of forgery; human cleverness keeps up with every other expedient.

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Give 'Em Hell, Harrice

by William F. Wyatt, Jr.

Getting Latin Right

I don't like to write such, but this note will have a crotchety tone. I have found in reading David McCullough's *Truman* only one misprint. On page 956 the Latin word *firmissime* is spelled *firmissine* in a Latin citation delivered on the occasion of Truman's receiving an honorary degree from Oxford. An English translation precedes, and there is thus no loss of clarity and no loss of meaning. There is a loss of respect, though, both for the text as it was originally delivered and for the language in which it was couched. If it was important enough to include the Latin, it was important enough to get it right.

Editors owe it to their readers to be accurate in transcribing foreign languages, particularly ones that have been part of the Western cultural heritage. Failure to get the Latin right implies that it is not *important* to get the Latin right, that the tradition it represents is not a significant one. An attitude like this is of a piece with the currently fashionable denigration of Western culture.

The Library of America has been doing a marvelous job presenting reliable texts of important American works to the American public. Particularly do I find this the case with its volume of Jefferson's writings. I have enjoyed reading Jefferson's thoughts and have learned a lot. And yet on page 1225, where Jefferson quotes the well-known concluding lines of Horace's *Epistles* (I, 6.67-8),

> *vive, vale. siquid novisti rectius*
> *illis,*
> *candidus imperti; si nil, his utere*
> *mecum,*

the word (?) *ulere* appears instead of *utere*, rendering the Latin meaningless. A trivial error, perhaps, but not in context. Jefferson was writing here to James Madison (May 13, 1810), then President. Jefferson knew his Horace and chose his quote wisely: he could assume that Madison would recognize the citation. Editors should be respectful, if not of Latin, at least of Presidents of the United States.

The error is easy to correct. Less easy is the muddle made of Greek in the same volume. Jefferson knew Greek, read it routinely, and used it in his writings. In an early work on English prosody (1786) he had occasion to quote three lines of Greek. I could make sense of the first two because, though bollixed up, they were familiar to me. The third for long remained a complete muddle. I give the line in English transliteration, omitting some typographical oddities: *metsa de tem'che theoisi, to / nd metron estin agison*. What is one to make of this? There are Greek words in it, but *metsa*, *tem'che*, *agison* are not Greek by any stretch of the imagination. And what might *to / nd* be?

I finally found the line in the *Phocylidea*, line 98: *metra de teuche theoisi, to gar metron estin ariston*. Now this actually makes sense—modern editions prefer *gooisi* to *theoisi*—in Greek and illustrates Jefferson's point, for though *metra* and *metron* are forms of the same word, their first syllables have different metrical weights. Through diligent search of Greek texts one can elicit Jefferson's original intent. There remains the question, though: Who made the mistake? Jefferson? Editor? Printer? Was Jefferson perhaps not so proficient with Greek texts as we are led to believe? This seems unlikely, but we'd like to know. We can at least be certain that the publisher did not think it important to present a Greek text faithful to the original.

In fact, he had no reason to believe that the text was not accurate, for he simply copies here the text as it was presented (for the first time) in *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, edited by A.A. Lipscomb & A.E. Bergh in 1903. These editors introduced both the text and its errors to Jefferson's readers, errors not corrected in the Library of America version. The Library misleads, though, when on the dust jacket it maintains that

LIBERAL ARTS

ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE?

As reported in the newsletter *Gleanings*, the Detroit Board of Education recently debated removing the American flag from its meeting room—on the basis that in our multicultural society the flag doesn't represent many of our cultures. *Gleanings* wonders whether this was inspired by the 500 students in Syracuse, New York, who refused to pledge allegiance to the flag in school because it was offensive to them.

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its commitment "to publish an authoritative version of an author's work assures the reader that only after thorough research and study is a text selected for this series." What can this statement mean in our context?

Many years after leaving the White House Jefferson had occasion to write Nathaniel F. Moore (September 22, 1819) concerning the pronunciation of Greek. I forbear to quote here the hash made of his words at that point. I will report, though, that only recently and by comparing earlier published versions—themselves messed up—have I been able to make any sense of what the text says, though I know both ancient Greek and its modern descendant. It should be of great interest to any reader to know what an intelligent observer thought about the pronunciation of ancient Greek on the very eve of the Greek War of Independence, which broke out in March 1821. I present here what Jefferson must actually have written (using *h* to represent the Greek *eta* and transliterating the Greek; I also give *upsillon* for *upsilon*, not knowing whether this is Jefferson's spelling or the editor's—it does not affect the sense):

> When at Paris, I became acquainted with some learned Greeks from whom I learned the modern pronunciation. But I could not receive it as genuine *in toto*. I could not believe that the ancient Greeks had provided six different notations for the simple sound of *i*, *iota*, and left the five other sounds which they give to *h*, *u*, *ei*, *oi*, *us*, without any characters of notation at all. I could not acknowledge the *u*, upsillon, as an equivalent to our *v*, as in *Achilleus*, which they pronounce Achillevs, nor the *g*, gamma, to our *y*, as in *alge'*, which they pronounce alye.

Jefferson's choice of *alge'* has its interest. The word is not a modern Greek word, but occurs in the second line of Homer's *Iliad*. Jefferson must, therefore, have tested his Greek friends' pronunciation of the ancient language on the first lines of the *Iliad*. Did he have a text of that poem with him, or did he quote from memory? Either would be interesting.

No doubt Jefferson's manuscript is difficult to read, and he probably used ligatures not familiar to contemporary readers of Greek. No doubt as well a trained scholar could elicit the correct reading from the manuscript. Apparently editors and publishers over the years have not felt the matter sufficiently important. The new edition of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, edited by J.P. Boyd (Princeton, 1950), will no doubt correct this insouciance.

Again the Library of America has copied errors, errors first (to my knowledge) introduced as long ago as 1854 in H.A. Washington's *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*. It was Washington as well that printed *ulere* in the letter to Madison, an error repeated since. This error is the more unforgivable in that his work was "published by the Order of the Joint Committee of Congress on the Library from the original manuscripts deposited in the Department of State." Even Congress seems not to care for accuracy of representation.

Jefferson would not have agreed. Though he viewed education as basically scientific, he thought of languages as useful toward acquiring "the eminent degrees of science." In a letter to Dr. Joseph Priestley (January 27, 1800) he writes:

> To all this I add, that to read the Latin & Greek authors in their original, is a sublime luxury; and I deem luxury in science to be at least as justifiable as in architecture, painting, gardening, or the other arts. I enjoy Homer in his own language infinitely beyond Pope's translation of him, & both beyond the dull narrative of the same events by Dares Phrygius; & it is an innocent enjoyment. I thank on my knees, him who directed my early education, for having put into my possession this rich source of delight; and I would not exchange it for anything which I could then have acquired, & have not since acquired.

He makes similar remarks in his letter to John Adams of March 1819, in which he also discusses the pronunciation of Greek.

Jefferson has not been well served by his editors, apparently from the very beginning. And did the Oxford students really yell "Give 'em hell, Harricum" at Oxford (McCullough, p. 957)? If they did, Latin learning is in a bad state even at Oxford. *Harricum*, a pseudo-Latin diminutive of *Henricum*, Henry, is in the accusative case, as it was and should be in the Latin citation where Harry is the object of the verb. The students should—of course—have used the vocative, *Harrice. O tempora, O mores.*

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Taboos and Blasphemies

by Daniel R. Vining, Jr.

Academic Censorship

When I first read that the now late Ayatollah Khomeini had sentenced Salman Rushdie to death, I, like most of you, reacted with both horror and disgust. The leader of Iran sent out an order to kill a citizen of the United Kingdom for something he wrote about Mohammed. This was as clear a violation of freedom of speech as I knew of. But then I came to the realization that we have taboos and blasphemies in the West just as they do in the Muslim world. Our taboos and blasphemies are simply different from theirs. Let me give you two examples that I know of from working in academe.

The first concerns mass murder. In this century, there have been five major (I better say "alleged" here) mass murders: one, the killing of Armenians by Turks around 1915; two, the deaths caused by Stalin in the period 1928-1939, and perhaps even later; three, the Jewish holocaust before and during World War II; four, the deaths of many Chinese under Mao during the Great Leap Forward around 1960; and five, the deaths caused by the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia in the period 1975-1978. There have also been "smaller" killings: the slaughter of Bahutu in Burundi in 1972; the mass killings in East Timor by the Indonesian army in the mid-1970's; and the mass killing of Kurds by Saddam Hussein's army between 1988 and 1991, etc.

There is not much literature about the mass murder of the Armenians because the data kept by the Ottoman Empire, which controlled Turkey at the time, are not very good; because the

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mass murder occurred during World War I, when there was much turmoil and chaos in Turkey; and because Turkey has not opened up its archives to external scrutiny, to my knowledge. We therefore do not have good statistics on the massacre of Armenians in Turkey and have not had much debate about this genocide in the scholarly literature. By contrast, you can find a lively scholarly debate on the deaths caused by Stalin as well as by Mao and the Khmer Rouge.

That leaves us with the Jewish holocaust. I have not been able to find anything about this in the statistical and demographic literatures, where you would most expect to find it. At the same time, everybody seems to know that six million Jews were killed by the National Socialists of Germany before and during World War II. Six million is a number like any other number; you would expect to find an exhaustive analysis of it in the statistical and demographic literatures, but you don't. The reason for this is that it is a taboo subject in the West. If you try to find out about the number, your colleagues will shun you. Worse, you might lose your job.

Let me mention how I discovered that this was a taboo subject. I once proposed to an editor of a leading demographic journal that I write a review of mass murder in the 20th century. Mass murder, after all, is a leading cause of mortality among some populations in some countries, and therefore is a subject of demography. He thought that would be a good idea. Then, I mentioned the Jewish holocaust, which had to be treated in any review of mass murder in this century. He got very nervous and said that my research into that wouldn't be such a good idea.

My second example concerns the genetic differences between individual human beings or groups of human beings (for example, males and females, blacks and whites, whites and Asians, the rich and the poor, the upper class and the lower class, etc.). There has not been much discussion of genetic differences between human beings in the scholarly literature. In fact, if you delve into these matters in print, you can be sure that your colleagues will shun you. A colleague of mine told me that if there were such differences, then the social sciences would be finished. A professor at the City College of New York was actually formally censured by his colleagues for writing something on group differences in a scholarly journal, an incident, by the way, which was not covered by the *New York Times* (though the *Times* did cover it later on when the Jeffries case rolled around). By contrast, the *New York Times* has always given extensive coverage to the Rushdie affair, and still does (Rushdie is still in hiding, and the death threat is still in force).

Several officers of PEN, such as Norman Mailer and Frances Fitzgerald, have come to this campus in the past decade. As you know, PEN has been much involved with the Rushdie affair. But when they come here, they never inquire about censorship or self-censorship in academe. I don't think they would believe this kind of censorship exists. They wouldn't believe that there is a lack of academic freedom in America.

There probably are good reasons for not saying or debating certain things in print. The Muslims also probably have good reasons for not wanting to see certain things in print. But until we have a real freedom of speech, that is, until we can conduct research and debate freely in the West without formal censure or ostracism by our colleagues, only then can we criticize the Muslims for their reaction to Rushdie's book, though we should criticize them for putting a price on his head.

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Outcome-Based Education

by Robert G. Holland

The Chimera of Reform

Outcome-Based Education, which has been around awhile under other names, has gradually become Big Education's main answer to the chorus of cries for "reform" that followed the Department of Education's publication of the *A Nation at Risk* report ten years ago. Its bland label is frightfully misleading. If this were a product in the grocery store, its manufacturer would be sued for deceptive advertising. A more accurate title would be Emotions-Based Education.

OBE is, unfortunately, a twin-trailer rig onto which has been loaded every crackpot nostrum undermining government education for the past 40 years: schooling as psychotherapy, self-esteem, multiculturalism, homogeneous grouping, no-fail classes, group learning, mandatory enrollment of tots barely out of diapers, and, the latest dulcet-sounding concept, global citizenship. (As though a World Citizen might bop into Pyongyang and demand a say in the regime's nuclear policy.)

Conservatives can recall how the country reached this sorry pass in government schools and weep: Ronald Reagan campaigned vigorously on a plank of dismantling the education ministry that Jimmy Carter had put in place as a sop to the National Education Association. Yet despite winning a landslide, Reagan never went to the mat for terminating the Department of Education. So it was that through publication of *A Nation at Risk*, the DOE encouraged further centralization of power over schooling at the national level, a trend robbing communities of their most civilizing institution. Education czar William Bennett even published a model curriculum. Certainly his "James Madison School" was far better than the multicultural mush now being served up, but it encouraged the notion that Washington holds the keys to learning. (The first big federalizing push had come under Lyndon Baines Johnson with passage in 1965 of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act; school achievement began dropping in almost geometric proportion to the rise in federal spending and control.)

Mr. Reagan's anointed successor, one-termsman George Bush, shared few of his compunctions about nationalized education. And so Bush's "America 2000" program, launched with much fanfare in cahoots with the nation's governors, now supplies the banner under which education consultants and foundations promote national tests and standards on the OBE model. With Bill Clinton, the governor most responsible for selling this approach to Mr. Bush, and with major corporate figures like the Business Roundtable on board, OBE looks as hard to stop as a runaway 18-wheeler. This seems particularly so when one adds the weight of publishing and testing companies (ever eager to throw solid instruction overboard if the new slop is profitable) and well-endowed elite organizations like

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the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

Now, some who have signed on to OBE may be beguiled by its appealing label. They may buy the argument (convincing if one looks no deeper) that schools should be judged by their "learner outcomes" instead of by such "inputs" as the numbers of books in the library or of teachers with master's degrees. Outcomes in solid academics, yes; those are much to be desired. But educationists pushing OBE do not have in mind such outcomes as pupils mastering phonics before leaving primary grades or high school seniors understanding the Lockean underpinnings of the American Revolution before graduating. Indeed, such learning is derogated as being based on "lower-order thinking skills," which require memorization and drill. OBE starts instead with "higher-order" thinking rooted in what is called the affective domain—emotions and feelings, the touchy-feely realm of the behavioral psychologists whose influence pervades schools of pedagogy and spreads to infect school systems across the land.

Ostensibly, state departments of education (some 30 of them so far) have set up independent studies to determine what outcomes are important for students in each state. In practice, however, the desired outcomes turn out to sound remarkably the same from state to state—a reflection of educators' networking with such OBE gurus as Theodore Sizer of Brown University and William Spady of the High Success Network. The Education Commission of the States is one of the organizational go-betweens in the interlocking network.

Thus, in Pennsylvania state educrats want to replace graduation credits earned in such disciplines as English, history, science, and mathematics with 51 learned outcomes, such as:

> All students relate in writing, speech, or other media the history and nature of various forms of prejudice to current problems facing communities and nations, including the United States.
>
> All students develop skills to communicate and negotiate with others to solve interpersonal problems and conflicts.
>
> All students develop interpersonal communication, decision-making, coping, and evaluation skills and apply them to personal, family, and community living.
>
> All students make environmentally sound decisions in their personal and civic lives. (Who decides what's sound?)
>
> All students relate basic human development theories to caregiving and child-care strategies.

In Virginia, the state is similarly planning to ditch Carnegie units and grading structures in favor of 38 warm and fuzzy student outcomes specified within seven "life roles": fulfilled individual, supportive person, lifelong learner, expressive contributor, quality worker, informed citizen, environmental steward.

An example of an outcome desired from a "supportive person" is: "Analyze conflict to discover methods of cooperative resolution." "Informed citizens" are to "identify community problems and be able to negotiate solutions contributing to the public good" and "support and defend civil and human rights." These are, understand, the new academic goals. A truly independent-thinking student can count on spending a lot of time in remedial work. One suggested activity had 8-year-olds sallying forth to work with the homeless. Beginning this fall, a suburban (mostly white) Richmond school system was to have fifth-graders studying the 20th century by focusing on just three persons: Cesar Chavez, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Colin Powell. (So goes the Maya Angelou Grand Diversity Parade: a Hispanic, a woman, and a black. White males like Dwight Eisenhower and Harry Truman are retired to the sidelines.)

Environmentalism is an OBE staple. Before pupils understand basic science, they are supposed to be able—working in noncompetitive groups—to produce the answers to complex ecological problems. They begin from the premise of global warming and the rapacious destruction of natural resources by corporate interests. Surely even the densest pupil will be able to deduce that collectivism is the approach being sought here.

Across the nation, from Connecticut to Washington State, the situation is much the same. Educrats are talking up "restructuring," a "new paradigm," a Common Core of Learning, and "transformation outcome-based education," but the bottom line is that schools are de-emphasizing basic learning and individuality (the essence of Bill-of-Rights Americanism) in favor of group indoctrination in "correct" attitudes—attitudes toward alternative lifestyles (such as homosexual parenting), cultural diversity, and other components of the leftist utopia. Gifted children are a particular irritant, because OBE treats all children as though they were equally endowed intellectually. The whole group is supposed to advance as one; faster learners must stay back to help teach slower ones. No one fails in an OBE school.

Another name for OBE is group-based Mastery Learning. According to a 1987 study at Johns Hopkins University (which found, predictably enough, adverse effects on basic skills): "All students who achieve the mastery criteria at any point are generally given an 'A' on the unit, regardless of how many times it took for them to reach the criterion score." Take the same test as many times as you want, until you finally manage to pass it, and then receive an "A." That's grade inflation with a vengeance. One Colorado school, imbued with enthusiasm for OBE, broke down report cards into 95 categories, with students marked for such qualities as self-esteem, creative expression, problem-solving, and assorted learning attitudes and behavior. The report card was half again as long as the IRS's 1040 tax form, and even more indecipherable.

"Whose children are these?" is a question many parents are now asking in light of this movement. Except for Manhattan sophisticates, they recently asked it loudly in New York City, bringing about a 4-3 school board vote to oust Chancellor Joseph Fernandez, champion of a "Children of the Rainbow" curriculum that sought to sensitize first-graders to homosexuality.

Nowhere, however, have parents mobilized more impressively than in Pennsylvania. Started six years ago, the 20,000-member Pennsylvania Parents Commission succeeded early this spring in stalling, if not derailing, the OBE express by winning overwhelmingly in the lower house of the state legislature. The state senate was not as friendly to the parents' cause, and Harrisburg educrats remained determined to implement the program. But the parents had the option of litigation in reserve.

Peg Luksik, the commission's founder, had this advice for parents alarmed by OBE in other states: take aim at state mandates and not at local educators. "Parents will only push so hard at the local level, because their kids are captive,"

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she explained. "They fear retaliation." Parents need to remember that the burden of proof rests not with them but with educrats who want to force this radical change on education. Ms. Luksik advises parent-lobbyists to ask their foes, "You're trying to mandate something. You should have to support it. Where is the research base? What happened when this was tried?"

Those are particularly deadly questions for OBE proponents. The truth is that they have no data to show that OBE works; what they seek is entirely experimental. Which makes it all the more mysterious why supposedly sound-thinking business people would hop on this bandwagon. There is, in fact, substantial evidence that OBE costs a bundle and produces negative outcomes—at least according to traditional measures of learning. A study by the Wharton School of Business calculated a $16.5 million added cost for OBE in just six Pennsylvania school districts. The Johns Hopkins study cited earlier noted that group mastery had a "Robin Hood effect" on time allocation—robbing time, that is, from smart students, who were forced to wait for slower classmates. Chicago became one of the first OBE outposts when Mastery Learning was mandated for all of its 500 elementary schools in the 1970's. Children who were tested after ten years under this methodology scored miserably—at the 25th percentile—on a standardized reading test. Scores in several schools were at the 10th percentile, a mark that could have been obtained by guessing at every question. A group of black parents sued educrats for "malpractice," charging that their children's school had been turned into a "factory of failure." Eventually the city school system, by then bankrupt, dropped OBE. In Arkansas, where school "reforms" were put in place by current national health-care czarina Hillary Clinton, achievement scores have also tumbled after four years of Mastery Learning.

The culminating outrage is the new performance-based testing that is coming on line as a companion to OBE. It is a truism that curriculum drives testing and testing drives curriculum. Since OBE curricula trade heavily in attitudes, testing must too. Essentially, because the curriculum is affective instead of academic, the testing is psychological.

How this works out in practice was discovered several years ago by Anita Hoge, a parent who lives in West Alexander, near Pittsburgh. Mrs. Hoge's determined quest for candor by state and federal educrats as to the extent of attitudinal testing—the results being stored in Big Brotherish data banks—is chronicled in *Educating for the New World Order* (1991) by Beverly K. Eakman, a respected Washington writer.

Mrs. Hoge's interest was piqued when her three children started bringing nightmares home from school. In particular, her usually happy ninth-grader, Garrett, Jr., had turned morose. Eventually she found that Garrett and his classmates were being subjected to "affective-ed" classes featuring lurid films about environmental pillage by developers, trips to a local cemetery, essay assignments in which students wrote their own obituaries, and exercises in values clarification. The latter featured a lifeboat dilemma, "Who Shall Populate the Planet?" (Only three can live; several others must die. Students select whom to save.) Through persistent inquiry, Mrs. Hoge found that these classes were intended to improve scores on something called the Educational Quality Assessment, administered by the state education department.

In some brilliant sleuthing, Anita Hoge traced the origins of such behavioral manipulation back to LBJ's ESEA and the network of regional education laboratories it spawned. Her protests resulted in a four-year federal investigation that ended in 1989 with a finding that the EQA was federally aided psychological testing and curriculum shaping of a kind precluded by the 1978 Protection of Pupil Rights Amendment sponsored by Senator Orrin Hatch.

But only the words have changed. All the invasive probing and adjusting of students' attitudes, all the psycho-behavioral testing, in Pennsylvania and across the country, will now be done under the guise of benign "learning outcomes." If enough parents catch on, perhaps there will be a counterrevolution that will reclaim education for local communities. If apathy reigns, however, so will the totalitarians, because all of this data—keyed to students' Social Security numbers—will go into a federal data bank, which will constitute a ripe source of information for those who wish to manipulate people on a grand scale.

Robert G. Holland is a columnist and the op-ed editor for the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The Real Target of Public Schools

by Betsy Clarke

Last school year, my son—who was a fourth grader at a public school—came home with a red piece of paper entitled "Family Call to Action." The letter on the front, preprinted by a corporation but signed by his teacher, informed me that my son would be joining the Target Stores and Hanes Corporation "Kids for Saving Earth" (KSE) Club, an "Earth Study and Reward Program" designed to teach students various earth-saving—or rather Earth-saving, because Target always begins the word earth with a capital "E"—lessons. Target Stores had devised the environmental curriculum, according to the red sheet, and would be providing rewards for successful completion of various environmentally friendly projects. This program would be integrated into the regular academic day. It was not being offered as an optional after-school club.

Reward number one would be a Target-plastered T-shirt, which the class had already agreed to wear every Friday, and a soft drink (both of which had to be retrieved at Target). There was only one prerequisite: the student and his entire family had to sign the pledge on the back of the letter.

The stakes were described as high. "Our family will work to make our household friendly to the environment," the introduction to the pledge began. "We are responsible for the future of the Earth." Then came the Orwellian part:

> Our family will:
> 1. Read the KSE promise together as a family and mean it.
> 2. Recycle everything we can.
> 3. Reduce the amount of water we use as much as possible. (Hint: Turn off faucets when you're not using the water.)
> 4. Rideshare, bike, or walk whenever possible to cut down on air pollution.
> 5. Protect native plants and animals in our yard and neighborhood. (It's OK to pull the weeds!)
> 6. Thank others when they take action to protect the Earth. . . .

Target then trusted the oath-taker to add

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additional weighty commitments.

The KSE Promise, its title written in *faux* kid-print (no backward "s," mercifully), appeared next to the pledge. The following is what our family had to not only recite together but mean:

> The Earth is my home.
> I promise to keep it
> healthy and beautiful.
> I will love the land,
> the air,
> the water,
> and all living
> creatures.
> I will be a defender
> of my planet.
> United with friends,
> I will save the Earth.

A big arrow pointing to a dotted line was accompanied by another phony kid-scrawl directing us to "cut off the signed part and turn it in to your teacher at school." Below the line were six signature lines headed "Signed, the members of this family."

The proposal was so offensive to me on so many levels that I found it impossible to describe my objections to this printed bit of idiocy in a coherent fashion. However, I told my son I would be calling his teacher to say that I would not be signing any pledge and that I was reasonably sure that his dad, an inveterate misanthrope and animal hater, would not be signing it either. His sister, a teenage barracuda, was also a poor recruitment prospect. Furthermore, I expected him to be able to participate fully in all academic programs, including awards for achievement, irrespective of what he, his parents, sister, dog, and mosquito fish do or do not believe about the environment or anything else. Finally, I believed the program to be unconstitutional and a violation of his civil rights and felt it probably violated school board policy. My son had just one response: "What about my T-shirt?"

I called my son's teacher and expressed my distress about the program's commercial bribery, political correctness, and unconstitutionality to no avail. The fact that I am a lawyer and knew what I was talking about did not seem to make much of an impression. "This is an issue we all have to deal with," she explained, meaning environmental destruction, not thought control. I told her I expected my son to be able to participate fully in all academic programs regardless of his family's willingness to sign a moronic pledge. To the extent that the program was political and not academic, I objected to it.

Then there was the T-shirt, which is all my son wanted out of the program. I therefore somewhat lamely added that my son should not be deprived of a T-shirt because of his parents' political beliefs. The teacher said she thought she could adapt the program requirements somewhat, but I hung up the phone sensing defeat.

My fears were confirmed when my son returned home the following day with the news that he could obtain a T-shirt if we wrote and signed our own pledge. I called the principal.

Again, I ran through my objections to the whole Target proposal: bribing children to adopt a point of view, punishing children for the beliefs of their parents, and abandoning an information-based curriculum for one with a political agenda. I added that my son could do what he wanted regarding the pledge but that no one else in the family would be signing anything and that our position was not open to negotiation. Also, my son would like his T-shirt. The principal said he would get back to me.

Perhaps now is the time to concede that my son, whom I carried in my womb for nine long months and to whom I gave birth after a long and difficult labor, was profoundly embarrassed by my activism and took his teacher's side in this dispute. To him, the virtuous side seemed obvious: his teacher was for the environment, and I was not. Also, his teacher could get him a certificate for a free T-shirt, and I could not. Then, too, he was afraid his teacher would hate him if I threw a tantrum over the proposal. Finally, there was proof in numbers. Of all the families with children in the class, ours was the only one to object to the program on philosophical grounds. "Why do you always have to turn everything into a public war?" he wailed.

Soon the principal called to say that my son could qualify for his T-shirt if he wrote and signed his own pledge. However, the pledge had to contain a statement that he promised to encourage others to recycle—that is to say, the pledge could not really be his. Additionally, he felt my objections to the program would be more appropriately directed to Target. I then called a member of the school board.

Meanwhile, against my wishes, my son began working on his pledge. Friday, T-shirt-wearing day, was nigh, as was the Target deadline for converting certificates into rewards. His pledge read as follows:

> I believe recycling should be a necessity. I pledge to walk to school, to carpool, to recycle, to not destroy animals' homes, and to not litter.

"This is the living end," I thought to myself as I watched him selling his birthright to independent thought for a lousy T-shirt. He returned home the next afternoon with his prized certificate. My son was happy, but I was not.

The school board member saw the problems with the program right away. However, she is a controversial figure whose point of view is in the minority on the board. I told her that, in a fit of irrationality, I had contemplated contacting the American Civil Liberties Union, even though the ACLU had just sent me a form fundraising letter boasting that it would use my donation to battle people fitting my exact political profile. "I don't know," she said of the possibility. "They're a real can of worms."

However, she did present the Target material to an administrator in charge of curriculum, who later responded that I was being unreasonable. "The pledge is no different from the anti-drug and alcohol pledges that students are asked to sign," she replied. Furthermore, accommodations were made for our family, and those accommodations should have resolved any problems. Another school board member echoed these sentiments but suggested that the issue be referred to the school corporation's lawyer to see if my son's civil rights were being violated. The ultimate verdict: the Target program had to go.

Grinning, I told my son that Mom had been proven correct. My position had been validated by the lawyers—his civil rights had indeed been violated, and in some small way we had beaten back the forces of tyranny.

"You sound like a liberal," he retorted unhappily. He continued to worry that his teacher would hate him. But he hasn't worn the T-shirt since.

Betsy Clarke writes from Carmel, Indiana.

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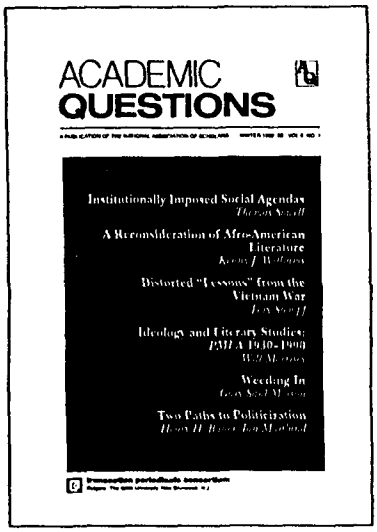

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